WHITE COTTAGE,

A TALE.

The treasures of the deep are not so precious,
As are the conceal'd comforts of a man
Lock'd up in woman's love.

Old English Plays.

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THE

WHITE COTTAGE.



CHAPTER I.

> Now he sigh'd heavily, and now,
> His hand withdrawing from his brow,
> He shut the volume with a frown,
> To walk his troubled spirit down.
>
> ROGERS.

MR. WELBURN looked up very frequently, and very anxiously, to the window of his room, as he sat in his chair with a volume of Cook's voyages lying before him, and heard the rain pattering against the glass. He had risen six times in the course of an hour, walked to the window, and returned to his chair not in a very pleasant humour. He got up for the seventh time; the skies still lowered. It rained as violently as ever. The streets were very wet; the few persons whom necessity had forced from home, were passing rapidly along with umbrellas, jostling against each other, and dropping with the rain. Mr. Welburn stood looking through the window, muttering to himself,

"What delightful weather! it has rained for five successive days! no wonder that a man soon becomes tired of his existence;—at a watering place, with nothing to do, cared for by no one, and with such a cheering prospect as this before him! No promenading to-day; but the billiard rooms are open; that is some resource to an idle bachelor."

Mr. Welburn, after this mental soliloquy, drew out his watch; it was eleven o'clock. He thought nobody would be at the billiard tables before twelve. He walked across the room, and began to sing; his voice was not melodious;—he gave a deep sigh as he saw it still raining, and it suddenly occurred to him that the moon was nearly at the full. He took up an almanack to satisfy his doubts, and to look for a prediction of fine weather at the commencement of another quarter. He found "warm weather" announced when the moon should begin to wane;—he sat down with the almanack in his hand, and turned to the day of the month. He smiled, when the figures recalled to his recollection, that yesterday was the anniversary of his birth. "Yesterday my birth-day!" he sighed again, looked at the fire, and began to talk to himself. "I am aged one-and-thirty! 'tis odd enough;—I never thought of it;—one-and-thirty, and still a bachelor!" Some unpleasant recollections were associated with the word bachelor: He placed himself in an easy posture, drew his chair nearer the fire, stirred it into a blaze, and began to meditate on the events of his

life, since the death of his father left him an orphan, and his own master.

When this event happened, Mr. Welburn recollected that he was still at college, intending to enter the church. He was then only nineteen, possessing a tender heart, great talents, and passions as powerful as his abilities. His father had left him a fortune, which, though not sufficient to support an Oxonian in "great style," yet made him perfectly independent. About a month after his father's death, when he had again returned to college, he became violently attached to a young lady, who was neither beautiful nor very accomplished; but she had a *je ne sçai quoi* about her, which Welburn was certain would make him perfectly happy, and he was equally certain that without her he should be perfectly miserable. His heart was so entirely engrossed with this passion, that he almost entirely neglected his college and his studies, and gave himself up to love with a fire and impetuosity not at all felt by the object of his idolatry: The lady, whose tranquil temper formed a contrast to his own, was astonished at his raptures. His comely person pleased her eye, and his vehemence sometimes diverted, and at other times almost frightened her. She listened to the rapidity of his protestations with a silent astonishment, which Welburn knew how to interpret into tenderness. He had however gained some little interest in her heart by his unwearied eloquence; in return for all his trouble, she even sometimes felt a few

of the hopes and fears which kept his own breast in such a state of constant agitation; but her peace of mind was quickly restored by the interference of her parents. They commanded her never to think of a lover who came recommended by so small a fortune.

The lady was good-natured, timid, indolent, and very dutiful. She was persuaded, that a lady born of such a family, and sister to the wife of a baronet, could not even exist without an income more than ten times the amount of Welburn's. The unfortunate lover therefore received a very civil rejection of his addresses, with those common assurances of gratitude for his offer, and as common assurances of a constant friendship and esteem, with which every lady refusing a lover thinks it necessary to soften the harshness of her negative.

The mortified pride of Welburn soon determined him to feel only a lofty and cold contempt for such a chilly-hearted mercenary being, and he moreover resolved to become indifferent to the whole sex, and proudly and independently to live a bachelor on his paternal fortune. He gave up every idea of becoming a clergyman. His disappointment rankled too deeply in his heart, and made him too much out of humour with both himself, his books, and his fellow creatures, to permit him to resume his studies.

Seven years of his life he spent in travelling rambling over different countries, and seeing different nations, without any fixed plan, but only

anxious to kill time as pleasantly as possible. The lapse of these years served to cool his passions, and in some degree to moderate the impetuosity of his temper: he saw in the world miseries so much greater than his own, that he came to think of his disappointment with a pround indifference.

All these past events were recollected by Mr. Welburn, as he sat with his eyes fixed upon the fire. He could not help thinking that he had spent the last seven years of his life to very little advantage: he had been living merely for his own amusement, and doing good to no one: and he began to feel tired of his unsettled life. He could not help repeating to himself, that he was one-and-thirty; he again walked to the window. The rain had ceased—"I might marry; a man at my time of life ought at least to think of it. What was I born for? To be a peevish, useless old bachelor!"

His eyes were fixed on the pavement in the street, as if on vacancy. He gave an involuntary sigh as he saw in perspective such a melancholy destiny—"I should like to make one woman happy before I go to the grave. Miss Leswald—she is very well; but she has a heart so cold;—there's the rub!"

He turned hastily from the window, took up his hat and umbrella, and walked to the billiard room.

CHAPTER II.

Where are thy senses, Polypheme, oh where?
She heeds not thy complaint, she mocks thy pray'r.
Go to thy sheep again, 'twere better bind
These ruined wattles, and keep out the wind,
Than thus pursue, with unavailing pain,
A scornful daughter of the unpitying main.

THEOCRITUS.

"I HAD determined to play with no one but yourself to-day," said Mr. Leswald to Welburn, as he entered the billiard room. "I owe you a grudge for beating me yesterday."

"Take your revenge then," replied Welburn; "let us begin. But how does Miss Leswald bear this terribly provoking succession of rainy days?"

"She has more patience than either of us; but promise, before we begin the game, that you will dine with us to-day."

"I don't care if I do."

Mr. Welburn was not at all averse to accept Mr. Leswald's invitation, and he lost several games with great good humour. When they had passed three hours at the billiard table, they adjourned to his house.

This gentleman was a respectable merchant, who had retired from business, and taken up his residence at Weymouth. He was remarkably fond

of billiards, and it was in one of the publick rooms that he became acquainted with Mr. Welburn. Mr. Welburn's skill at his favourite game, warmed the heart of Mr. Leswald, and the manners and conversation of his new acquaintance, speedily won his friendship. He was always glad to see Welburn at his table; and his invitations to dinner were generally very acceptable to this idle bachelor. Mr. Welburn was tolerably pleased with Mr. Leswald, and he thought his daughter a pretty interesting girl. He believed that he cared much neither for the father nor the daughter; but he felt it natural that he should love the society of an agreeable young woman. He gave himself credit for so much good nature in bestowing upon Mr. Leswald so much of his society. But Leswald was "a good sort of a man," the mornings passed away pleasantlyenough at the billiard table, and the evenings were not disagreeably spent when chatting with his daughter.

In this way did Mr. Welburn satisfy himself that it was not for love of Maria Leswald that he passed so much of his time at her father's. He felt indeed the necessity of an attachment to make him happy: with all his pretended cynicism and independence, his heart was tender, and formed for conjugal affection. He wished to love, yet he was almost ashamed and angry, as if it were a weakness to feel how much an amiable wife would contribute to his happiness. He felt the necessity of love to fill up the vacuum in his heart, but he

determined to bestow his affection as unwillingly as possible, as if it were a great deal more from necessity than taste that he condescended to think of matrimony, after he had been once so scurvily treated. He felt the full power of Maria Leswald's charms, but he found great fault with her in his mental soliloquies. She excelled in none of the common accomplishments of women, nor did she know much of any language but her own, and these deficiences Mr. Welburn regretted as a bar to any idea of a union. "Maria will never suit me," he would repeat to himself; "I must have a more accomplished wife, one who can play to me, sing to me, and make me vain of her abilities."

When Maria could be drawn into conversation, she pleased him by the gentleness of her manner, and the musick of her voice; she was very sensible, without any affectation. At this Mr. Welburn was willing to be somewhat astonished; he was surprised to find that her conversation added so considerably to his stock of ideas. He had seen much of the world, Maria very little of it; and Mr. Welburn thought it not a little wonderful, that a young girl of eighteen, should in many instances feel more justly, and reason more acutely, than himself. Mr. Welburn loved to draw her into argument, when this was possible, because he imagined that her eyes then became more animated, and he fancied they had a remarkably fine expression when occasionally turned upon himself. But Maria was

very timid, and had a degree of retiring modesty, which at first had appeared to Mr. Welburn something like reserve, if not bordering on hauteur. He imagined that she was more distant and reserved towards himself than strangers; and he puzzled himself not a little to discover by her manner whether she really did or did not like him. Once, after an absence of some days, the animation of her countenance when he met her on his return, and the unaffected kindness with which she held out her hand to him, gave him a delightful conviction that she had some partiality for him; but a returning shyness and reserve, especially when they were accidentally left alone together, again threw him into perplexity. Formerly he could have construed timidity and averted looks into signs of affection; but he had been refused once, and he was terribly suspicious that another disappointment was preparing for him.

As he sat in Mr. Leswald's parlour, and looked at Maria as she sat working at the table, simply dressed in white, her fine dark hair beautifully braided without any ornament, he felt that if he meant to preserve his solitary sense of liberty and independence, it would be necessary to leave Weymouth. He was more than usually dull and melancholy. Maria observed this, and on her part became more than usually silent; she scarcely looked at him. Mr. Welburn interpreted this into a designed reserve, intended to deprive him of all hope, and he took her silence as a warning not to

hazard another refusal. His pride was awakened at this supposition, and he detested the weakness of his own heart, which could be moved by the smiles of such a capricious creature. "Will you be in the billiard room to-morrow," said Mr. Leswald to him.

"No," replied Welburn; "I believe I must go to Dalsy to-morrow."

"Go to-morrow! What new freak is this; are you tired of us?"

"I am tired of your wet weather and your dirty streets: but, seriously, I must go and look after my farm."

"When do you return?"

"In fine weather."—He bowed formally to Miss Leswald, as he bade her good-night. She returned the bow, Welburn thought, as distantly, but rather more kindly. "Come back soon, for I shall miss you at the billiard table," said Mr. Leswald, as he bade him farewell.

"I might have shaken hands with her," said Welburn, when he had got to his own fire-side; I might have parted with her as if she had been my friend;—but no matter—I'm off to-morrow—she has a heart so cold, that I am certain she could never love me.

He started up and rang the bell, paid his bill, ordered the chaise for the following morning, and in two days arrived at Dalsy.

the fine scenery around him, and was heartily tired of his solitary independence—since he found his heart constantly with Maria, and that in spite of himself, he longed for her society and affection—he gave the matter due consideration, and discovered not only that it would be very pleasant to revisit Weymouth, but that, as a man of honour, he was in some measure bound to return there. He settled this to his own satisfaction one morning in the middle of a ploughed-field; where his steps had been arrested by his thoughts, and his eyes fixed on a solitary thistle which had escaped the plough-share. "As to her coldness," he said to himself, "this was merely timidity, very natural, and very graceful in a young woman; I have behaved like a shabby fellow;—paid her many attentions, and then left her;—she might or she might not love me; at any rate it would have been but kind to have known her sentiments a little better before I had so formally left her. I have disturbed her peace of mind;—what can I do to restore it? There is but one way; I will return to her; I had rather suffer myself by another refusal, than leave to her a chance of suffering from my desertion."

Mr. Welburn was pleased with this view of the subject: He went home in a great hurry and good humour to prepare for his departure. The same evening he left Dalsy, and after enjoying for rather more than a fortnight, the charms of a country life, he was glad to find himself again in the "dirty streets" of Weymouth.

CHAPTER IV.

To weep with thee
If thou desire it; with festivity
And mirthful sports, to make the time pass by
With lighter wings, and cheat thee of thy cares
With strenuous watchfulness; t' anticipate
All thy desires; to shew myself at all times
Whichever most thou wishest me to be,
Consort, protector, brother, friend, or servant:
Behold to what I pledge myself: in this,
And this alone, my glory and my life
Will all be centred.

ALFIERI.

MR. WELBURN was firmly resolved to ascertain positively, whether Maria Leswald felt, or was inclined to feel any affection for him, before he again became a wanderer. He found that a settled country life could not in itself afford him tranquillity. He lost no time in repairing to Mr. Leswald's. This gentleman was from home, but Miss Leswald was in the drawing room: she was alone; and Mr. Welburn could not help believing from the animation of her eyes, the blush which crimsoned her cheek, and the timid air of welcome with which she held out her hand, when he entered the room, that she was really inclined to love him. "My father will be glad to welcome you back to a game at billiards," said Miss Leswald, smiling; "he did not expect you would return so soon."

glens, and was delighted with the scenery from which he had been so long absent. He walked down the vale by moon-light, saw her beams silver the tranquil waters of the river; and as he watched from a distance the windows of his house brightened by her light, contrasted by the deep gloom of his plantations, he admired the peaceful look of the spot where he now intended to pass the remainder of his days.

Mr. Welburn indeed took infinite pains to persuade himself that he was quite contented and satisfied; and that inanimate nature would always be sufficient for his happiness. He was amused for ten days, and then he could no longer conceal from himself that he was beginning to be restless and very miserable. Some rainy weather confined him to the house. He had recourse to his books; but even these could not divert his attention from his own solitude. He would dose upon the sofa before the fire--walk from one room to another without any particular intention—drag his heavy step up and down stairs—gaze through every window; and then pulling out his watch, he would rejoice if it was near the time when he might enjoy the noble pleasure of eating. A fornight after his arrival, Mr. Welburn felt convinced that "Man was not born to live alone." He had great respect however for his own opinion, and before he took any step of importance, he generally endeavoured to satisfy himself of its fitness and expediency. If not of its necessity. Thus, when he found it impossible any longer to enjoy

the fine scenery around him, and was heartily tired of his solitary independence—since he found his heart constantly with Maria, and that in spite of himself, he longed for her society and affection —he gave the matter due consideration, and discovered not only that it would be very pleasant to revisit Weymouth, but that, as a man of honour, he was in some measure bound to return there. He settled this to his own satisfaction one morning in the middle of a ploughed-field; where his steps had been arrested by his thoughts, and his eyes fixed on a solitary thistle which had escaped the plough-share. "As to her coldness," he said to himself, "this was merely timidity, very natural, and very graceful in a young woman; I have behaved like a shabby fellow;—paid her many attentions, and then left her;—she might or she might not love me; at any rate it would have been but kind to have known her sentiments a little better before I had so formally left her. I have disturbed her peace of mind;—what can I do to restore it? There is but one way; I will return to her; I had rather suffer myself by another refusal, than leave to her a chance of suffering from my desertion."

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"I was tired of solitude," said Welburn, "a bachelor in the country is a lonely being; I was beginning to be very miserable."

"And you, like other miserable bachelors, come to a watering place in search of happiness?"

"Even so. Shall I tell you, to whom of all the inhabitants of this town I intend to apply for it? Ah! Maria, do you not understand me?"

Maria when she met his fixed and tender gaze, could not misunderstand him; the smile forsook her face, and, as she turned away from his pleading look, her cheek was deeply crimsoned by a conscious blush. Mr. Welburn felt how much depended on this moment: his eloquence was not unsuccessful, for he wooed a tenderer heart than his former love possessed,—a heart that could better appreciate his worth, and which felt more grateful for his affection. Mr. Leswald came home to dinner, and Welburn remained there the whole evening, happier than he had ever been in his life before. He knew he was beloved; Maria had consented to become his wife; and he never doubted of the consent of her father.

The following morning he made his proposals. "I will be candid with you," said Mr. Leswald: "it will perhaps be dangerous to marry my daughter."

"You are not serious?"

"Indeed I am very serious. Come into my study; I will explain to you frankly what I mean never to tell herself, but what it is my duty to tell to you, and then I shall leave you to judge for yourself."

"Well," said Mr. Leswald, after some conversation had passed in his study, "you now know all. Are you now determined on this marriage?"

"Is this the only unfortunate instance in the family?" said Mr. Welburn.

"The only one."

"And Maria does not know it?"

"No, she was not born till some time after the circumstance I have mentioned."

"Then she never shall know. My dear sir, I thank you for this frankness; but my mind is resolved, I cannot live without your daughter."

"Be it so; settle it betwixt you; I only wish her to be happy, and I think you will make her so; and I am sure she will make a good wife."

Mr. Welburn felt assured of this. He was too sanguine in his expectations of domestick happiness; too happy to find himself at last beloved by an amiable woman; and too much elated at not being refused a second time, to suffer much uneasiness from Mr. Leswald's intelligence.

He was married. He received at the altar the hand of Maria, who thus, in the morning of her life, committed to him her heart and happiness. He felt the value of his treasure; he felt how much depended upon him; he trembled at the idea that a look of harshness, a word of unkindness, might at any time cause a pang to the lovely being who had entrusted her all to him. His joy was tranquillized: He breathed a prayer to Heaven, that their union might receive the blessing of the Deity;

his ardent sentiment of love became purified by piety; he beheld in his wife a friend given him by God, not only for his comfort in this world, but to make even eternity more happy. How holy, how sublime is that ceremony which unites two human beings by the tenderest ties, when such a union is consecrated by a sentiment of religion! Conjugal felicity then appears to us certain, for we feel that it depends solely neither upon taste nor time: it is a plant nourished in the soul, to be matured when the existence which gives it birth, shall have passed away.

He returned to the vale of Dalsy, happy that at length he was a married man, and was about to taste the pleasures of a settled domestick country life. He had risen considerably in his own estimation. Whilst he rambled about a bachelor, he felt himself of no importance; his life was of consequence to no one, and it was rather mortifying to think how little his death would be noticed or lamented by any human being. Travelling from town to town, from one country to another, he continually saw new faces; but everywhere the same indifference about himself. Men, younger than he was, were surrounded by their children, and appeared to have closely linked their destiny with that of their species, while his own had no connexion with that of any one. He moved about the world, indeed, perfectly master of his time and actions, but he also felt that his time and actions were of mighty little consequence. The case was

now altered; he could say to himself, I have *a wife*, and there is a charm in that little word of which bachelors have a very poor conception. He saw by his side a being, whose animated countenance told him she was happy; and whose smiles and constant endeavour to please him, were an ample reward for his anxiety and unwearied attention to promote her happiness. With Maria hanging on his arm, even inanimate nature appeared more beautiful. He imagined some secret charm to be reflected from herself on surrounding objects;—the hills, the glens, the woods, the skies, derived a more powerful interest from the presence of his wife. She continually heightened his enjoyment of fine scenery, by pointing out to him beauties which he had never noticed.

Mr. Welburn was an ardent admirer of nature; but in its general aspect, he had overlooked a thousand features which were less prominent, but which were as exquisitely beautiful. The sensibility of Maria discovered these, and she made her husband observe them with some of her own enthusiasm. Whilst he would point out to her a range of hills rising above each other, extensive woods covering their sides, the storm gathering on their summits, the mountain torrent swelled by rains, and rushing down its rocky channel; she would delight to shew him the light and shade varied on the branches of an ancient oak; she would point out to him the windows of an humble cottage, brightened by a setting sun, and seen

sparkling through the broad foliage of a sycamore; she would make him listen to the harmonious gurgling of a little stream, mark its graceful windings down a glen, and notice the variety of plants nourished by its waters. It was thus she discovered to him new sources of enjoyment.

Welburn felt himself indebted to her in another way. He had been always generous, and generally inclined to be very charitable, as far as charity consisted in giving alms. Soon after their arrival in the vale of Dalsy, Maria became acquainted with most of the cottagers; they found in her a friend who would always listen to their griefs, and was constantly anxious to assist them in sickness or distress. She would come home to her husband with a tale of a peasant woman, poor and paralytick, living in a miserable cottage, suffering with resignation, without friends, and without hope of recovery. Such a relation before his marriage, would have been but a claim for money, and a passing sympathy, which he was always very ready to give to a fellow creature in distress;—but actually to go and visit a bed-ridden female, to inquire into her ailments, to listen to her long complaints, was what he would never have dreamt of doing. Yet the wife whom he so tenderly loved, led him to the humble dwellings of affliction. The interest she took in misery, extended to his own bosom. He saw poverty and sickness in lowly cottages, which he had never before thought of entering. He heard the voice of gratitude blessing him, not

only for the money which he gave, but for the kind sympathies which he shewed; for the visits of benevolence which he made to the poor and helpless; and for the advice and consolation he gave to the afflicted, in mind as well as body. He found pleasures most pure and delightful arise from these new feelings and occupations; and he began more truly to love his fellow creatures, when he found how nearly he was allied to them in wants and weaknesses. He was not ashamed to feel happy in the affectionate praises of his wife, after some of his charitable visits to inquire after her poor patients. Possession had not made him less anxious that she should esteem and love him. When he pressed her to his bosom with the tenderest affection, he would only regret that he had not known sooner the happiness of a married life.

CHAPTER V.

She nurs'd the smiling infant on her breast,
Tended the child, and rear'd the pleasing boy;
She with affection's triumph saw the youth,
In grace and comeliness, surpass his peers.

LADY RANDOLPH.

THE affection which Mr. and Mrs. Welburn felt for each other, became mellowed and refined by the lapse of years. As they felt themselves becoming older, their hearts united if possible more

closely. Affliction served to make this union more intimate and tender. They had four children, but only the eldest of them survived. Mrs. Welburn suffered severely from these losses, and Mr. Welburn had, besides, a source of grief which he dared not reveal to her. As he looked upon his son, he recollected, with a most bitter feeling, the communication of Mr. Leswald. He feared not for his wife, but he trembled to anticipate how much little Henry might suffer from the malady, it was probable he carried in his veins. Mrs. Welburn had a great desire that her son should become a clergyman. Her piety wished to dedicate to God, the only child he had spared to her. To this Mr. Welburn readily consented, provided the inclinations of little Henry should not be decidedly for another profession. It had been determined, that at the age of seven years he should be sent to school. But Henry became so dear to Mrs. Welburn, and so necessary to her existence after the loss of her other children, that he completed his fourteenth year, without having known any other authority than that of his parents. During this time, his father had made him a good Latin scholar, and he could read the Greek Testament very tolerably. This was not all: Mr. Welburn was anxious that his son should be robust and aetive in body, as well [illegible]ind. He made him take long walks, in fair and wet weather; he made him shoot, hunt, hold [illegible]ugh, and occasionally run over the country [illegible]ch of strayed cattle. These exercises, with

some of which Henry could well have dispensed, made him strong and healthy, and gave him a keen relish for the pleasures of a country life. His father's lessons and example gave him health, Greek, and Latin; but his mind was almost wholly formed by the precepts of his mother. To her he was most tenderly attached; and the more so, perhaps, because nature had formed him less for active life, than for feeling and speculation; and had given him that bias to tenderness, which makes the young mind so sensible to female affection. He was never much delighted by riding over fences at the hazard of his neck, or in tiring himself by running after his father's sheep or oxen; but he loved to ramble by himself over the hills with his dogs and gun. Mr. Welburn had taken some pains to make him a good marksman; but when a bird fell wounded at his feet, and he saw its quivering limbs, as he twisted its neck to rid it of existence, a feeling of pain and disgust at what he imagined so useless a waste of life, led him by degrees almost to abandon the only murderous recreation of which he had been really fond.

His mother constantly keeping in view the future profession of her son, bent all her cares to render him from inclination a servant of the Deity. She wished that piety should become habitual to him, and grow with his growth; that in maturer age it might, from its native strength, have power to control the passions. Her religious lessons were not confined to Sunday collects, or to Sunday lectures;

she did not disgust her son with religion, by forbidding him to be cheerful on the day peculiarly devoted to its service; she did not make it a day of penance, by setting him in a corner from morning to night, to weep over hymns and catechisms: she was careful not to tire him with religion, and not to let him associate the sight of the Bible with the idea of a task book. She contrived to interest him in the New Testament by the attractive light in which she made him view the character of Christ, as being particularly the friend of little children. It was not from the Scriptures alone. that Henry was so early trained to piety, and taught to love his Creator: When the beauty of a flower attracted his notice, and he ran with it in his hand to his mother;—when the murmur of the woods, or the wild extent of the moors, gave a new lightning to his eye, and the glow of rapture to his cheek; whilst he gazed with delight at the starry concave, or pensively listened at the close of the evening to the wood-lark's song;—it was in moments like these, when his curiosity and enthusiasm were vividly excited, that the watchful care of his mother led him to associate the idea of a God with the finest emotions of his nature. It was when his mind was tender and docile from pleasures like these, that he learnt from Mrs. Welburn lessons of obedience and duty, and the consequent rewards of self-esteem and glory.

But the day arrived when he was to set out for a grammar school, about thirty miles distant from

his native place. He had as yet lived only under the roof of his parents, and there he had not seen much society. Mr. and Mrs. Welburn had not many acquaintances. Two families, who resided within the precincts of the vale, formed their chief society, and visits were made and returned with great punctuality.

In the town of Dalsy Mr. and Mrs. Welburn were well known, and very much esteemed. They occasionally went there, dinedwith the attorney, or drank tea with the rector. On particular occasions, Henry was permitted to accompany his father and mother in their town and country visits. He was sometimes delighted, often tired, and always returned home with much satisfaction. He was admired as a modest and a handsome boy, with expressive dark eyes, a fine open forehead, Roman nose, and a complexion which bespoke the pure health of a country life. His countenance was thought to want something of his father's manliness of expression, but every feature looked the virtues and the character of his mother. His soul, like her's, was beheld in a smile which was very beautiful, and which, when once seen, was long remembered. His natural temper was lively; but an anxiety to please, and an ardent desire to be beloved, gave to him a timidity of manner, graceful in a boy, but which, in his future life, gave him much unnecessary distrees. He was fond of the society of women; and his manners, even from those of his mother, acquired an elegance which made him a ge-

neral favourite. Yet Henry was not effeminate; his courage and interpidity in field sports, were not unknown in the vale of Dalsy, and were encouraged by Mrs. Welburn, as well as by her husband. Their plans of instruction had been the same: they had bestowed the most anxious care on the education of their child, and they had united their minds to form that of little Henry. His progress had equalled their expectations. They already saw in him a future ornament to the church; and Mrs. Welburn sanguinely hoped that her son, who gave such a fair promise of future excellence, would contribute largely to the sum of human happiness.

He left his paternal roof with many admonitions and caresses from his mother. His father went with him to school, shook him by the hand, told him to be a good boy, and left him in a new world.

CHAPTER VI.

But the boy gazed on her,
And both were young, and one was beautiful:
And both were young, yet not alike in youth.

LORD BYRON.

HENRY soon discovered that he was not of so much importance in a large school, as he had been at home. Amongst fifty boarders, he had to endure many rubs, and fight not a few battles. He

more than once was beaten in contending for his rights, and then beaten by his master for fighting with his school-fellows. He, however, found some consolation in attaching himself to the rector's daughter. The bias of his mind to love and tenderness found its first object in this blooming girl of one-and-twenty, whom Henry thought the most attractive being he had ever beheld. He made every effort to insinuate himself into her good graces. When she smiled upon him, his heart had an unusual degree of palpitation; when she spoke to him, he blushed he knew not why, and he always answered her with an unaccountable trepidation and awe. His eyes would fill with tears, if at any time she passed him in the play-ground without notice; but when sometimes he felt the touch of her hand, as she patted him on the cheek, he was at the height of happiness.

This lady was married in six months after his arrival. He was filled with grief at hearing the bells ring on her wedding-day; he felt as if quite forsaken; and he wept bitterly at the loss of his friend. He had, however, the good fortune to be particularly noticed by Mrs. Hempsall, the master's wife, who was pleased with his modesty, delighted with his smile, and his graceful manners. She would frequently call him into the parlour, and sometimes condescended to distinguish him by a nod, when playing with his school-fellows. This kindness, however, produced to Henry a more than equal quantity of hatred in the school: he was point-

ed at as a favourite, and with this character he became odious to his play-fellows. He was exposed to daily insults, shunned by his companions, and almost forcibly excluded from the play-ground. The susceptible heart of Henry was deeply wounded at the unkindness of his play-mates, whom he would willingly have loved, and who treated him with such contempt. He keenly felt the difference between home and school. He became more timid, when he saw himself hated and persecuted by a party, with whom he had no strength to contend. He found some relief in applying to his studies, and he distinguished himself by his application, as much as by his genius. The kindness of Mrs. Hempsall, which only increased when she saw the odium it produced, confirmed the natural bias of his heart to repose itself on the tenderness of women, by whom he had been so kindly treated. Mr. Hempsall behaved to him with considerable condescension, but without partiality: he was occasionally stern and severe, and though his lessons were sometimes rewarded with a "very well," yet Henry thought his master very sparing in his praise, and even imagined that which he dearly earned, not very graciously bestowed.

Four years passed away, whilst Henry remained at this grammar school of ——. He occasionally went home, and his parents were satisfied with his improvement. He spoke with enthusiasm of the kindness of Mrs. Hempsall, with respect of his

master,—but of the daughter, he said nothing. He was too proud to tell that he had been ill treated by his school fellows; b[redacted] remembered by him with [redacted]eelings, long after it had ceased, and it had a decided effect upon his future character. It made him enter with less relish into the games and sports natural to his age: he became more silent, more fearful to offend, and fonder of reading and of female society. The two last years he remained at school, he enjoyed more tranquillity; he was still a favourite with the mistress, but the prejudices against him wore away. His school fellows became accustomed to see him more distinguished in the parlour than themselves; and the increased good will of his master, at least rendered him respected.

His father had determined, that one year before he went to college, should be spent with a clergyman in the north of England, an old college acquaintance of Mr. Welburn's, and of whose piety and learning he had a high opinion.

He expected that his son would receive much benefit by residing a year with Dr. Sanwell. He wished him to learn, from the precepts and example of his friend, the importance of his future profession. "The Doctor," said Mr. Welburn to his son, "will teach you the duties of a clergyman; for, remember, Harry, you are not to lead a dreaming indolent life when you have entered the church. I neither want you to be a self-complacent saint, nor do I wish to see my son a

lazy rector, growing fat from indolence and good living. Dr. Sanwell will teach you to think and reason like a Chr[illegible] and a Philosopher; he will shew you what a [illegible] of the church ought to be; and he will make you remember, that, to a conscientious minister, the boundaries of his churchyard are never a boundary to his duties. When you have been a year at Torley, you shall go to college."

Mr. Welburn had written to Dr. Sanwell, who very willingly consented to receive his son, on condition that his father would accompany him.

Mr. Welburn was pleased with the earnestness of the Doctor's invitation. His wife persuaded him to accept it; and when Henry had been at home six weeks, they left Dalsy together— Henry, full of conjectures about Dr. and Mrs. Sanwell; and Mr. Wellburn, very happy in the expectation of seeing an old friend.

CHAPTER VII.

How great the joy to view th[illegible],
The yellow strand—the ocean green;
The sparkling wave—the swelling sail,
That spreads to catch the favouring gale,
When from thy bold commanding brow,
The eye, delighted, seeks below!

SKETCHES OF SCARBOROUGH.

THE town of Torley is situated on the southern coast of England. The high road which leads to it, on going from London, winds down some considerable hills, which shelter it on the north and east. From this road the traveller is first presented with a singular view of the town, which lies below him, and of its fine bay, formed by the Atlantic ocean. Before entering the town, he must descend with the windings of the road almost to the level of the shore, and then ascend a steep declivity into the town, which is built upon a rock, and overlooks the bay.

It was evening when Mr. Welburn and his son arrived in Torley. They stopped at the principal inn, which is seen immediately upon ascending into the town, and commands a fine view of its capacious harbour.

Henry was full of impatience to behold the sea; he had heard the murmurs of its waves, and caught a glimpse of its waters as he entered the town. He

had no sooner seen his portmanteau carried into the inn, than he ran out to gratify his curiosity. He stopped at a low wall which overlooked the beach, but his vie[illegible]s very limited. It was not dark, but a thick [illegible]d arisen from the bay, and was increasing every moment. He observed some small merchantmen lying at anchor immediately under the walls, and a fishing vessel making its way into the harbour. The evening was still, and he heard distinctly the dashing of the waves, as they broke without violence on the beach below.

These sounds gave to Henry an indescribable emotion. He was near the sea, of which he had formed a most magnificent idea; and though he could not see it, the sound of the waves was sufficient to awaken all the romance and enthusiasm of his nature. He listened,—he scarcely breathed, lest he should lose a single murmur,—his heart seemed to have stopped its pulsation,—he wondered at his own emotion,—his pulse beat quick,—he felt his soul rise as if he stood there a being superiour to the world on which he lived. His "heart seemed too big for what contained it;" yet this enthusiastick feeling was too intense to last: after a while he leaned quietly on the wall, resting his face upon his hand, and he listened with a more tranquil delight to the murmurs of the ocean. The proud risings of his heart subsided into a more placid feeling. He observed the fog thickening around him, the masts of the vessels were indis[illegible]tly perceived, and in a moment after were in-

visible. The lights in the houses, which were built near the harbour became more and more dim; not a breath of wind disturbed the grass and wild plants which grew under the wall where Henry was leaning. He was somewhat fond of castle-building, and would have probably fallen into a reverie, and have varied futurity, as he had often done, with a thousand imaginary colours; but a foggy night is not favourable to flights of fancy: he felt the night air chill and damp, and with some reluctance returned to his father.

The next morning they saw the town and sea to more advantage. The beach on the east and west sides of Torley presents very different appearances. To the east, the waves break on a fine sandy shore, unbroken by rocks, and bounded at some distance by fine cliffs, which rise gradually from the sands, and sweeping in a semi-circle, form the fine bay of Torley, which would contain all the marine of Britain. There the sea is always tranquil; boats can fish in the most tempestuous weather; and bathing is never interrupted by the violence of the waves. To the west of the town, the beach is narrow, and bounded by precipitous rocks, broken into caverns, that generally are filled at high water. Here the sea is never tranquil, and two machines are kept on this side for the accommodation of adventurous bathers. A few cannon placed on the rocky cliffs, command the harbour; and the turreted walls, which, in feudal times, fortified the town, still remain with their massy gateways. A watch tower, with

a broken flight of steps winding to its summit, stands on a promontory, called the Castle-hill, and which appears to rise from the centre of the town towards the sea.

This hill is a favourite resort of the young women of Torley, who, on a summer's evening, strain their eyes from thence to discern the expected boat which is to convey to them a husband or a lover. Two large guns, both of them long ago dismounted, remain on this hill, at the bottom of the watch-tower, and serve as seats for the old fishermen who come to gaze upon their favourite element, and "chat the hour away."

An insulated rock, accessible at low water, called the islet of St. Ursula, lies westward of the town. It is covered with a scanty verdure, and affords in one part a few potatoes to an old woman, who almost daily climbs to cultivate her garden, and is styled the governour. On the inaccessible sides of this rock, the cormorants love to resort, and frequently roost in the caverns of St. Ursula, which have been formed to a great extent in the bowels of her islet. Henry was delighted with the scenery around him: the sea, the rocks, the ruined walls, the watch-tower, the shells, the marine exuvia, which he found in the caverns, and the confined murmur of the waves, all afforded him that pure and exalted pleasure, which a mind young, sanguine, and uncorrupted, can feel so deeply, and which so exquisitely. He began to anticipate long walks, and profound reveries, on the shore, and

amongst the rocks, which would, he imagined, render his stay at Torley very delightful.

The only idea which somewhat allayed his pleasure, was the thought that he was in some measure going to school again. "I hope," said he to his father, "this Dr. Sanwell will be a reasonable sort of a master, suffer us to take rambles when our lessons are done, and permit us to study nature, as well as classics."

"That I shall request him to do," replied Mr. Welburn: "he will not consider you as a school-boy, but as a young man come to prepare for college. You will be confined only in the mornings. I have not seen the Doctor these three-and-twenty years. At college he was an excellent fellow, somewhat too enthusiastick, but his piety and abilities were universally admired. When I saw him last, he was just married to a second wife; he lived happily with her for two years, buried her, and is now living very comfortably with a third."

"Has the present Mrs. Sanwell a good constitution?" said Henry, laughing.

"I am told she is a very stout little woman," said Mr. Welburn, "and likely to live many happy years."

"I think," said Henry, "no one should desire to love deeply more than once. I can imagine a man's heart and existence to be so filled and occupied with sentiment and passion towards a single woman, as to leave him no time, before he gets to the grave, to love a second."

"If you are prepared to love in such a furiously exclusive way as this, it is well for your studies that the Doctor has no daughters; for I can imagine a man's existence to be occupied with something more rational, than passion for a woman."

"I can imagine no passion more delightful."

"Very probably; but, my dear Harry, man is born for labour and for duty, not for rapture."

"O! love would but guide me to my duties, my dear father; the mind is but dark without a virtuous passion: love is the bow which so beautifully spans all the energies of the human soul, gives to them a heavenly light and tinge of its own colours, and is set by God in the mind, that amidst the gloom of sorrow and affliction, it may remind us of his favour, and be to us an earnest of future happiness."

"Exactly his mother's soul and face," thought Mr. Welburn, as he beheld the expressive countenance of Henry covered with a blush at his own eloquence.

"Love as soon, and as warmly as you please, my dear boy, I think your choice will not be a bad one; but whilst you love never forget that life is given us for action, not for reveries and fine speculation. Remember, that to win the honours of this world and the next, you must labour with a steady perseverance.—But here is the house of Dr. Sanwell."

CHAPTER VIII.

What can he tell who treads thy shore?
No legend of thine olden time,
No theme on which the muse might soar
High as thine own in days of yore,
When man was worthy of thy clime.

GIAOUR.

Mr. Welburn and his son were received by Dr. Sanwell and his lady with gratifying politeness and cordiality. The Doctor declared himself delighted beyond expression, to see his old friend Welburn, and to have the happiness of forwarding the education of his son.

Henry was pleased with the rector, though rather prejudiced against him because he had taken a third wife. He saw in him, a man turned fifty, pale, with a meek gravity of countenance, and a shrewd penetrating look. The affability of Mrs. Sanwell gained her some of Henry's good will. No company came the first evening of their arrival, and it passed away very pleasantly. Dr. Sanwell talked to Mr. Welburn about past times, and old acquaintance, and Mrs. Sanwell played and sung with tolerable taste; and she could talk and smile very agreeably. Edward Sanwell, the Doctor's second son, was then at home, and engaged a good deal of Henry's attention. He was two years older

than himself, and preparing to become a clergyman. He had been educated at Westminster school. His address was that of a young man who had been much in good society, free both from impudence and timidity. His manners on the first acquaintance, were, however, very reserved, and he had been frequently accused of a more than common share of pride; yet he was handsome without vanity, and clever without any pretension to superiour sense or ability. Henry sat next him some part of the evening, and they very soon became acquainted. Edward Sanwell was led from politeness, to address Henry as the stranger, and his reserve soon gave way before the frankness of young Welburn.

Henry felt inclined to improve this acquaintance into a very strict and warm friendship. Such a sentiment was new to him, for his school intimacies went no farther than mere good will. The talents and address of Edward won his heart, and he soon became warmly attached to a friend so nearly his own age, and destined to the same profession. He was much pleased with the whole family; and he retired to rest for the first time under Dr. Sanwell's roof, with every anticipation that the ensuing year would pass pleasantly away.

The next morning he took a ramble with his new friend, and began to admire the beauty of the town. "It has been much increased of late years," said Edward, "and its repute as a watering place is every year becoming greater."

"Is that for its advantage?" asked Henry.

"It has become richer; but, in my opinion, we have lost an equivalent to the wealth we have gained."

"Simplicity of manners?"

"Even so. Some years ago, the natives of this place were principally fishermen. Some families of moderate fortune were induced to settle here by the beauty of the place, and the cheapness of living. Of course they neither introduced much luxury, nor were they studious to outvie each other in ridiculous expenses. The sailors were frank and honest, and their wives and daughters were simple in their dress, and modest in their manners. But an influx of rich families every summer, with equipages and new fashions, has brought us new manners, and new wants; which remain here during the winter, as well as summer, to be used, by the women particularly, in a bad imitation of their superiours. We have now hotels, and publick hot and cold baths. The fishermen's daughters are dressed out to please the livery servants of our rich visitors, who seduce and abandon them. The men have learned how to make 'good bargains;' and the art of cheating has grown out of a love of money. Part of our population, instead of seeking a hardy and simple livelihood from the bosom of the deep, are sent to waste their manhood behind counters, or turned into waiters or ostlers, and are continually bending their backs for sixpences, instead of feeling their dependence on nature alone.

A fashionable watering-place is full of bowing rogues, and polite knaves, who consider every new-comer as their prey."

"I hope Torley does not deserve quite so bad a character?"

"Not exactly. Its reputation as a place of fashion, is not sufficiently established."

"But have you no pleasant society in the families who reside here? I hope the visits of the rich have not spoiled the gentry?"

"Formal parties are more frequent,—card-playing more common,—and games of hazard encouraged by one or two of our leaders of fashion. A greater variety of characters appearing, more gossip is introduced at the tea-table;—and what is the consequence of gossip?"

"Scandal."

"Aye, good Welburn; but you will see a few of the natives at our house to-night. Amongst these, take notice of a Dr. and Mrs. Delby. He is an original; and she—but I shall not anticipate;—look—hear—and make your observations."

CHAPTER IX.

First let me talk with this philosopher.
Say, Stagyrite, what is the cause of thunder?
KING LEAR.

THE day before Mr. Welburn's departure, Dr. Sanwell invited to his house some of the principal

inhabitants of Torley; and a party of twenty were, in the evening, assembled in the Doctor's drawing-room.

The ease and nonchalance which now prevails in fashionable society, was not at that time known amongst the people of Torley. There were no prints or new publications lying carelessly upon the Doctor's tables, nor new musick placed open on the piano, or musick desks, for the relief of those addicted to yawning. The chairs were stationed at regular intervals round the room, and every little straggling book had been carefully removed before the arrival of company, and carried into the Doctor's study; the shells on the chimney-piece had been dusted, and carefully drawn up for the inspection of the curious; and at half-past five the Dr. and Mrs. Sanwell were ready to receive company.

At six they began to arrive, and in half-an-hour every one occupied his chair; and a conversation upon the weather and new arrivals began with infinite spirit. At some dread intervals, indeed, the eyes of all were, as if with one consent, turned upon the fire, and there was a dead silence;—the fire blazed as cheerfully as before, and the feast of reason commenced agair. Henry surveyed the characters around him, and he found, in many of them, counterparts of those which he had seen in the town of Dalsy. They had different faces, but nothing, he thought, either in their mind or countenance to fix his attention. They were just good

sort of people, who were going to their graves in a regular quiet way, without any desire to do harm, and desiring to do good when it was not expensive, and would give them little trouble.

Henry sat between two young ladies, the eldest of whom had a handsome face, and was dressed very splendidly. He had not been introduced to either; but he felt that it was his duty to address one of them, and he did not wish to be set down at once for a stupid fellow. He turned himself a little on his chair, and crossing his leg, addressed her on the state of the weather, with some timidity. The young lady was daughter of an attorney, and had been at a London boarding-school; timidity in her, therefore, was out of the question. She had an artificial polish, which gave to a nicety the mechanism of conversation, without any of its soul, or sentiment; she spoke correctly, and with a fashionable lisp of indolence, which was meant to fascinate her auditors. "It has been a delightful day for walking," said Henry.

"A very fine day," said the lady.

"There appear to be many delightful walks about Torley."

"I believe there are; I have walked very little since I came from town; I never do walk—I don't like it, I prefer riding on the sands."

"The beach is very fine."

"Yes; mama likes to go on the beach in the carriage, and the sea air is so delightfully reviving when it blows gently upon your cheeks, I like it prodigiously."

At the word cheeks, Henry involuntarily looked at those of his fair neighbour. "What a fine colour!" thought he. The idea of rouge never entered his brain.—"There appears very little company here at present."

"Oh! none at all, not a soul any one knows; the town is horridly dull; it never was so dull, it is really horrid!"

The lady was presented with tea, and Henry thinking he had done his duty to one neighbour, turned towards the other to keep her alive by the charm of his conversation. He found her very different from the attorney's daughter. She was a girl of fifteen, and had never been at a fashionable boarding school. Her face was very beautiful. She had dark eyes, which were full of life and animation. Her first address was modest and timid, yet the laugh which played in her eye, appeared to be with some difficulty prevented from stealing to her mouth, which was one of the most perfect Henry had ever beheld. She had not yet learnt to act conversation, but she replied, and made observations with infinite grace, and great vivacity. She was highly pleased with the attention of Henry, and he was very soon charmed with his young neighbour. He did not know her name, and was conjecturing who she could be, when he heard her addressed by the name of Delby. This word led him to fix his eyes on a tall gentleman in black, who was talking to his father, and whom he judged rightly was Dr. Delby. He was a good looking

man, about forty years of age, tall, and thin; his eyes had a keen penetrating look, and he frequently assumed an air of abstraction. He was in conversation with Mr. Welburn, and Henry's attention was first attracted by a Latin quotation of the Doctor's, on the transmigration of matter. He listened, and the philosopher continued his remarks in his native tongue: "For instance," said the Doctor, laying his hand on the arm of Mr. Welburn, "When I am dead, plant a mountain ash upon my grave. As it advances to maturity, my poor remains, changed by time, and no longer confined by the mouldered coffin, will go to nourish the tree which grows above them: they will again live in its roots, its branches, leaves, and fruit. When you admire its crimson berries, you will admire your friend in a new form; and the thrush which feeds upon those berries, and which sings in the evening from its branches, will owe some of the brilliancy of its song to matter which once belonged to me."

"But," said Mr. Welburn, "neither the tree nor the bird will be indebted to your remains alone; the tree might perish, and the thrush be silent, if they depended on you alone for nourishment."

"True," said the Doctor, "my old frame, in ascending to life again in a vegetable form, may be combined with plenty of foreign matter, but my remains, however chemically combined with such matter, will still have a separate existence. Bury

with me, if you please, the whole of the present company; there perhaps will be my wife in the roots of the mountain ash; Julia living in the thrush's song; your son in the berries, and part of our good selves rising through the trunk in the form of sap."

"Delightful!" said Mr. Welburn; "but this is all supposition."

"It is supposition founded on facts; from those combinations into which matter must, and does enter. Such suppositions have great probability.—My good friend, man, during life, is by respiration continually interchanging matter with the fellow-creatures with whom he lives, as well as with those animals which surround him. How numberless are the relations which subsist in a large city, between the eighty thousand human beings who may form its population!—Youth, manhood, and decrepitude; the deformed, the wise, the beautiful, the insane, continually interchange the matter of their animal existence, and contribute involuntarily to the continuance of each other's pains and pleasures; those who hate, giving their breath to those whom they most detest; lovers receiving into their system, the air warmed by each other's sighs, but compelled to inhale, with the zephyr of a tender heart, the breath of those who would oppose their union. You tell me that in the grave all distinctions are levelled: I will assert that nature, by such eternal laws as these, has levelled them already."

"Such considerations of equality," said Mr. Welburn, "ought at least to make man charitable towards his brethern; they should induce us to love each other."

"They should make us humble," replied Dr. Delby. "Let the *petit-maitre*, on whose finger the diamond sparkles, and whose person seems to himself so valuable, remember of what that person is composed. Point to him his image in thy mirrour,—resemblance of a compound of matter taken from quadrupeds and vegetables; the finger on which he displays the gem, might some hours ago have existed in the body of the brute who afforded him his dinner; and if it were possible to discover to what animals he is indebted for the remainder of his dainty person, what a number of deceased brutes might put in their claim for obligation! These obligations, received daily, are forgotten altogether: we devour generations of quadrupeds, and imagine, I suppose, that their bodies are ennobled by being received into our own."

The conversation, to which Henry had listened in silent wonder, was interrupted by the appearance of card tables. The Doctor and Mr. Welburn were summond by Mrs. Sanwell to the whist table, and the younger part of the company were placed at a round game. After this arrangement, the evening passed away in silent stupidity. Henry yawned over his cards, and his only relief was to look at Miss Delby, who sat nearly opposite him, and whose vivacity seemed to be lost the moment

she sat down to cards. Henry was pleased to see that she disliked cards as much as he did, and the sudden thought of this sympathy between them, checked another fit of yawning. Julia Delby looked at him as upon a friend to whom she felt grateful for having spoken to her with kindness. She smiled when she caught his eye; it was a smile which was very beautiful, but it came from a heart which as yet knew nothing of passion.

After two hours of tedium and penance, the party broke up, and Henry retired to rest, wondering at the charm which any one could find at being fixed to a card table for so many hours. The smiles and the vivacity of Julia dwelt on his memory. He conned over every word she had uttered, on the manner she had answered his different questions, on the sparkle of her eye, the musick of her voice, the pure colour of her cheeks, those smiles which had made her mouth appear so enchanting, and the intelligence expressed in her countenance; all these, doubly reflected by his imagination, kept him long awake. The beginning of love sometimes gives to the mind some of its most painful feelings. The uncertainty of your prospects, the fear of not being beloved, are a source of uneasiness the most tormenting.

Henry felt this most acutely; he thought he had never been so completely wretched;—then he anticipated futurity,—he would one day possess an independence;—but then he recollected this could not be till his father's death. He turned himself

on his pillow. Julia was to be sent to London;—he himself had to pass two years at college;—he felt the utmost confidence in his own constancy, but Julia might love and marry another. His heart sunk within him. He had succeeded in making himself very restless; and being determined, after his fancy had married Julia to another, that no comfort should remain for him, he proceed-to allot to himself a short life of single wretchedness; and he then thankfully resigned his existence for the welcome repose of an early grave.

Having speedily reached this acme of his woes, he again turned on his pillow; and then came balmy sleep, and, "stealing on his senses, sank him to forgetfulness."

CHAPTER X.

That hour in memory yet I treasure,
I saw her in her beauty's flower;
My all of pain, my all of pleasure,
I date from that remember'd hour.
A pain it is, that e'en in sadness,
O'er all my bosom spreads a charm.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

EARLY in the morning he went into his father's room, whom he found already up, and engaged in packing. He wished to know something about the Delbys, and began to question Mr. Welburn respec-

ting the Doctor and his lady. "Dr. Delby," said his father, "settled in this town as a physician, but some fortune being left him by a relation, he became careless of practice, and was soon supplanted by another. The Doctor has talents, but, perhaps, not sufficient soundness of judgment to control his fancy, and to render those talents of much service either to himself or others. He is a most benevolent visionary, and amuses himself with forming new theories, and endless plans for reform, in every art and every science; and, I believe, that theory which gives him most delight, is any one which promises to be most beneficial to his fellow-creatures. He has formed to himself some vague idea of literary glory; and this phantom, I fear, will be an *ignis fatuus* to him till the day of his death. He will tell you that his life is dedicated to sciences, and that his labours will benefit mankind when he shall be no more. He comes from his study, where he spends some hours every day to no sort of purpose, complaining of the fatigue which those undergo who toil over the midnight lamp for the good of the human race. Thus he lives on, wasting, indeed, much ink and paper; but he is known and valued for many active charities, as well as many ingenious, though useless, theories."

"But did you observe a lady in black sitting at the bottom of the room?"

"Mrs. Elwyn?"

"The same. What did you think of her?"

"She is a fine looking woman, but I was too far distant to hear much of her conversation."

"She is one of the most amiable of widows. Her husband, at his death, left a large fortune at her disposal, and she employs it nobly in doing good. That country-house we noticed about a mile from Torley, is her residence. She is neither proud nor affected;—she travelled much with her husband, and her mind, naturally powerful, has been tutored by the world, without being spoiled by it. You will no doubt meet her during your stay at Torley: cultivate her acquaintance; not because she is a woman of fortune, but because she is superiour to all her sex in this town and neighbourhood. Mrs. Delby fawns upon her, from two motives; first, because her rank gives her the precedency; secondly, she has a nephew who is her heir, and Mrs. Delby has a daughter——"

"Whom she wishes to marry to this nephew," said Henry.

"I believe she would willingly make a match between them."

"But Julia is too young;—on what does she ground her hopes that Mrs. Elwyn's nephew will marry her daughter?"

"Mrs. Elwyn has taken much notice of Julia,—had her much at Elmsey lodge,—improved her, both by precept and example,—and, it is whispered in Torley, that she is preparing a wife for her future heir. It is at Mrs. Elwyn's advice that Julia is going to a London boarding-school."

"If that si the case," said Henry, turning to the window, "Mrs. Delby may certainly hope without much presumption.—And you think that this marriage really will take place?"

"I think it is probable that it may be solemnized in time."

"In time,—aye, in time; but it may be some years;—Julia may form other attachments when she gets to London, and it is not certain that the nephew loves her."

"I don't assert that he does," said Mr. Welburn, finishing his packing.

Henry was more willing to find consolation in the chance that Julia might form another attachment in London, than to yield to the certainty that she would marry Mrs. Elwyn's nephew. He felt himself excessively irritable, and his temper changed almost with every new idea. He endeavoured to disguise the pain he felt on hearing of these plans for Miss Delby's marriage, by rousing up something of a haughty and sullen spirit. He looked out of the window with a proud feeling of mistantrophy and independence, as if his affections were perfectly at his own command, and would not at any rate be bestowed upon Julia. Then her smiles came to his recollection.—"It is possible," said he to himself, "that she may be taught to love me,—her heart *may* be disengaged; but I am not exactly in love with her. I like her well enough, but she is young, and it will not do to pay her too much attention; yet I wish she loved me

as a friend. I should be more happy if I imagined she had any sort of regard for me; I then could wish her well married;—I think I could endure to see her marry Mrs. Elwyn's nephew, if she would smile upon me; as if to say by that smile, I love you as a friend. I will endeavour, at any rate, to make her such a friend.

Such were the ideas and resolutions that passed rapidly through the mind of Henry. He had not been three days in Torley, before he had made himself perfectly miserable by the force of imagination. Could he have looked into futurity, the realities he would have seen there might have rendered his anguish more permanent. As it was, he could imagine possible raptures, as well as miseries; and when he reflected seriously on his own feelings, he could not help wondering why, seeing a girl of sixteen for a few hours, should cause so much emotion. He would have explained it; but it was a tiresome attempt, and Henry could feel more acutely than he could reason.

CHAPTER XI.

Thus rests *our* Vicar.—
The rich approved,—of them in awe he stood:
The poor admir'd; the all believed him good.
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
He ever aim'd to please, and to offend
Was ever cautious; for he sought a friend:
Yet for thefriendship never much would pay.
Content to bow, be silent, and obey,
And, by a soothing suff'rance, find his way.

CRABBE.

MR. WELBURN and Dr. Sanwell had been fellow collegians. When they were together at Oxford, the Doctor had it in his power to render a service to Welburn when he was busy with his first attachment. Sanwell happened to be acquainted with the family of Miss Darlicourt, and he procured his his friend some opportunities of seeing his then adored Caroline, which he could not otherwise have obtained.

For these services Welburn felt excessively grateful. He had formerly looked upon Sanwell as a mere acquaintance, and had even felt an inclination to dislike him as a cold hearted fellow, without either spirit or feeling. But finding that he could do him such essential service, he condemned his own injustice, and from the warmth of gratitude to Sanwell, pronounced him to be a very excellent young man, and from thenceforth ranked him amongst his friends.

Mr. Welburn left college, and he had heard with some surprise of the three successive marriages of his friend, and of his being appointed rector of Torley. How this good fortune was obtained Mr. Welburn wondered; but yet he rejoiced at his friend's prosperity, and sent him regular letters of congratulation. He then determined to place Henry for a year under the care of his old friend, and they then saw each other for the first time since they left college. Mr. Welburn found his friend still retaining his courteous manner, his look of meekness, and with an air of piety which appeared perfectly natural. He had a smile, which seemed to bespeak universal benevolence, and an earnestness of address, by which he appeared to consider the welfare of every one, without an idea of such a thing as self.

When Mr. Welburn parted from his son, he fancied that he left him with an example of the true clerical character. "Observe Dr. Sanwell," said he to Henry; "attend to his precepts, and follow his example."

Henry had every desire to obey his father, and the kind manner of the Doctor had prepared him to be a willing pupil. He soon found himself very comfortable at the rectory. His lessons occupied the mornings, and the evenings were at his own disposal, to ramble with his friend Sanwell among the rocks, or on the shore. To Edward Sanwell, Henry became daily more attached. He found him noble, generous, and with a cultivated mind; some-

what haughty to strangers, and rather too fond of the ridiculous. He appeared to possess himself in a dignified tranquillity, and to keep his passions calm, and his perception clear, that he might the better observe and laugh at the follies of other men.

But Henry could not help making some observations on the character of Dr. Sanwell, which did not quite agree with his father's panegyrick. He had received from his mother a very high conception of the clerical character; his fancy had added not a few features to the portrait she had given him; and when he began to compare his "what should be," with what he saw really was in the rector of Torley, the Doctor fell considerably in his estimation. At first however he had the modesty to mistrust his own judgment, and observed, and re-observed, till he was convinced the Doctor was not altogether what he might be.

"I am very happy at the rectory," said he in one of his letters to his mother; "the Doctor and his lady are as kind as possible; but I will whisper it to you, my dear mother, that they are not just the sort of people I at first imagined them to be. I remember your lessons on my future profession. You have told me how elevated ought to be the mind of him who is ordained an immediate servant of the Deity; what a life of holy labour he ought to lead who is to conduct fellow creatures, by precept, and above all by example, to the throne of their Creator. Dr. Sanwell I am convinced means well, and is full of good intentions; but these in-

tentions are not sufficiently defined to permit him to act from them. He is not without some vague ideas of clerical duty, but his love for the good things of this world, is a feeling very determinate and distinct. He has shrewdness enough to perceive, that the life of a clergyman should be regular and correct, and that the world expects him to set a good example to his flock. To a person not intimately acquainted with him, he appears one of the most agreeable, and one of the best of men. With insinuating manners, a pious look, a smile of meekness, a soft voice, and the utmost cordiality on his first address, he seems to think much less of himself than of every one around him. He performs the duties in his church with great regularity. On Sunday evenings he reads us a long sermon, and the evening is concluded with prayers and hymns. These exertions in the cause of religion would be praiseworthy if they were not the result of habit, without feeling, and unaccompanied by any active sentiment in favour of his fellow-creatures. The Doctor's finger constantly points to heaven, as a guide to his parishioners; but it is evident that his own soul and body desire to tarry awhile longer in this wicked world.

"He has found it very easy to be excessively worldly, and at the same time to appear very pious; but his affectation of sanctity deceives only strangers. His parishioners hear his sermons, and on a Sunday see the good man earnest is his exhortations, that they should not labour for the meat that

perisheth; but these sounds, heard only one day in seven, die away on their echo; and the Doctor convinces his hearers in the week days, that he himself thinks more of tithes than of eternity. I am sure that he feels every benevolent wish for the spiritual welfare of his flock, and, with the consciousness of this wish, he gives himself credit for much active virtue, of which every one in his parish knows that he is deficient. You may imagine that, married a third time, his sensibility is not very delicate. I think a man's feelings must be strangely frittered away, before he gets to his third wife. The Doctor's marriages, I am told, have been matters of commercial speculation. On the death of a wife, his prospects have brightened with the hopes of bettering his income by the next marriage; and the dust falling on the coffins of first and second Mrs. Sanwell, were, I cannot tell you how, associated with the sound of a bank shovel taking up guineas. His speculations *in futuro*, are not much favoured by the health of his present wife, which is remarkably good.

"Mrs. Sanwell the third, has beauty enough to make her agreeable. She possesses a natural cheerfulness of temper, and a physical good nature, which renders her what is called a very pleasant woman, and gives her the semblance of being amiable from thought and principle. With a happy temperament, moderate passions, and a regular flow of animal spirits, she is likewise more charitable than her husband, and more beloved amongst

the poor. Her judgment is not very accurate, nor her intellect very strong, yet she has a vivacity in conversation which passes for cleverness; she can seize on the most prominent features of character, relate them with sprightliness, without being able to penetrate very far into the motives of action, or to discern remote causes which might display human nature in a new light. She considers her husband as a very superiour being; his failings are virtues; his avarice, she considers prudence; his continual calculations, his intrigues, and homage to the great, the most profound wisdom. Yet her love for him has nothing in it of conjugal devotion. It is a tranquil friendship, kept from absolute stagnation by a gentle breeze of passion, which renders the marriage state pleasantly happy, without any extraordinary excess of emotion.

"Mrs. Sanwell is pious, principally from a constitutional bias to those benevolent feelings which we often mistake for religious sentiment. She can readily perceive, that the wife of a clergyman should set an example of piety and devotion; and this consciousness having had no opposite inclination to combat, and harmonising with a natural good temper, has settled into habit. Her piety, however, never rises to enthusiasm; she prays, as she loves, with a physical vivacity, and a good humoured sort of mental indolence, which loves to feel comfortable, and hates exertion, or any thing like strong and energetick feelings. She is kind to the poor;—she dislikes to see distress, and

the complacent feeling which follows a charitable donation, is always a remedy for the uneasiness she feels at the sight of misery. To a tale of wretchedness, she listens with complacent piety;—if it partakes of the horrible, her benevolence rises into a gentle shudder, which gently subsides when the tale is over."

CHAPTER XII.

They can sing admirably - - - -
- - - - - - - Oh! love,
In such a harmony art thou begotten.
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

HENRY had not been long at Dr. Banwell's, before he was included in an invitation to an evening party at Mrs. Elwyn's.

This invitation kept him in a state of restlessness for several days; and when the very day of visiting came, he could think of nothing else but the party to which he was going in the evening. He knew Julia Delby was to be there. He allowed himself a full hour to spend at his toilet; dressed himself with more than usual care; and as he surveyed himself when this important business was completed, he felt very thankful that, at any rate, he was formed tolerably straight, and that his person was not in the least deformed.—" You

certainly intend an attack upon the widow to-night," said Edward Sanwell, entering the room: "You have been no less than sixty minutes preparing that person of yours, I imagine, for a *coup-de-main* upon her poor palpitating defenceless heart."

"A man might make a more disagreeable conquest;—but I hope we shall have no round games to-night?"

"There will be cards for those who would feel miserable without them. But Mrs. Elwyn is fond of musick."

"I am glad of it. Does Miss Delby play?"

"Miss Delby?"

"I say, does she play?"

"My dear Harry, your thoughts wander strangely from one woman to another; we were talking of Mrs. Elwyn.—Aye, that blush unfolds a tale——"

"Nonsense!—It is almost time to go."

"And those fine legs of yours have been so carefully clothed in silk, to attract the laughing eye of Julia? Well, I can tell you she plays delightfully. Her fingers have been trained to the piano almost ever since she could use them. She has great natural talent and an exquisite taste; so you may imagine what a little enchantress she is at the piano."

Henry made no reply. He thought that enchantress was just a right word. His fancy set to work to form a picture; Julia was there at the piano; and he felt that with such a spell of melody which

then rung in his ears, Julia would be indeed resistless.

Henry was received by Mrs. Elwyn with great kindness. She had noticed him at Dr. Sanwell's, and was pleased with his modest manners, and the fine expression of his countenance. She engaged him in conversation, and his unassuming simplicity soon gained him a large share of her favour. Henry looked round the room, and saw nearly the same party who had assembled at the rectory. But he imagined himself less fortunate at Mrs. Elwyn's. Julia was there, plainly dressed in white, and sitting by the side of Mrs. Elwyn. But Henry did not think himself privileged to seat himself at her side: he could only gaze and admire; but he could not converse. The tale which his father had told him appeared confirmed by his own observations. He saw the marked kindness of Mrs. Elwyn to Julia, and he noticed with disgust the fawning manner of Mrs. Delby, a little fat woman, with a handsome face and vulgar manners, who smiled and smirked, and bent and bowed, and whose negatives never crossed the affirmatives of Mrs. Elwyn. The Doctor was there, dressed in a suit of light green, with black silk stockings. He was a philosopher, and dreaded lest he should pass unnoticed amongst a crowd of men and women who could form no theories. He was not very talkative, but crossed and uncrossed his legs more rapidly than usual, which Mrs. Delby whispered "was a sign that he was thinking." Henry look-

ed at him, and could have laughed at the singularity of his dress; but the Doctor, on passing him, observed and noticed him with much cordiality. He did not condescend to talk with so young a man before company; but he said to him in a half whisper, "Call on me; I am at home from ten till four. Come next Saturday." The philosopher passed on. Henry thought that his dress was not altogether so ridiculous as before, and he was not a little pleased that he had not laughed at so clever a man. His heart was warmed by the invitation. The tones of the philosopher's voice, which were harsh and squeaking, sounded melodious in his ears. "Come and see me," said the father of Julia.—And on Saturday, when Julia would be at home—his heart beat quicker—he looked at Julia, and then at the father: "He is, I do believe, a kind and tender father, and no doubt has considerable talents. I will call next Saturday."

The card tables were set, and in forming the parties, Mrs. Elwyn came to Henry and asked him if he would like to play cards? "I seldom play," said Henry, in trepidation, lest he should be tied down for the evening.

"Do not play if you have no inclination," said Mrs. Elwyn, smiling.—"Do you prefer musick?"

Henry's eyes brightened. "Indeed I do prefer it."

"Then stay till I have set down these good people, and we will go into the musick room."

In a few minutes Mrs. Elwyn summoned the young ones of her party, who had declined cards, to the next room.

This was a saloon called the musick room. A grand piano stood in the middle, and a small organ was elevated in a recess at the top of the room. A harp stood by the organ; and a few sofa chairs, with musick-desks and books, completed the furniture of this favorite retreat of Mrs. Elwyn.

Henry remembered the word enchantress when he heard Julia strike the piano. He was deeply sensible to musick, but he had never been so delighted as on this evening. Mrs. Elwyn played with almost professional skill, both on the harp and piano. Julia was nearly her equal on the piano. Mrs. Elwyn requested her to play, and at the same time she herself sat down to the harp. Henry stood behind the chair of Miss Delby;—he listened—scarcely a note was lost to him. At first the harmony of the two instruments affected him so powerfully, that he could scarcely refrain from tears. Mrs. Elwyn observed his eyes glistering with emotion.

In the course of the evening, Julia requested Mrs. Elwyn to sing. She consented; and after singing a few ballads to the harp, she proposed that Julia should sound the organ.

Henry, with some emotion, advanced to lead her to her seat. The musick had added to his love; it had at once heightened his enthusiasm, and made his heart overflow with tenderness.

These feelings were chastened by the tones of the organ. When they began alternately to swell and die away, he felt his blood chill within him. He almost forgot the enchantress;—he scarcely recollected that any one was playing,—yet he listened, and almost trembled at every chord. Julia changed the melody, and, at her request, Mrs. Elwyn began to sing. Her voice was at once full and powerful, and could be modulated to the finest cadence. She possessed a power of execution, but she did not bestow it on simple melodies: she knew the expression of musick, and she delighted to sing the sacred songs of Haydn and of Handel.

Such harmony Henry had never heard. To a rapid voluntary, full of execution, and enchanting the ear, as much from an idea of its difficulty as its melody, succeeded the divine hymn of "Angels ever bright and fair." The organ changed its full fugues to liquid sounds. With the tones of the organ changed the feelings of Henry: he thought neither of Julia nor any one; he heard alone the voice of Mrs. Elwyn; he felt every note she sang, and her cadences, without ornament, had yet a chasteness and simplicity which left nothing to be wished for.

The musick ceased. Henry had felt his delight to be almost painful. He was at first depressed with a sense of his own existence;—he felt as if he could at that moment gladly have died. The musick had touched that mysterious chord on which

hung all his future sorrows. Then the melody sounded in his recollection, and he became scarcely sensible of the objects which were around him. Every thing earthly seemed suddenly to have disappeared, and himself to have awakened to a new state of existence in a distant world. There he was enraptured by a divine harmony, and he saw himself surrounded by angels, and the souls of the mighty dead. Although he knew that these were but the phantasies of a heated brain, yet he could not at once persuade himself that they were entirely delirious fancies. He felt unable to banish them, and, alarmed at a state of mind so new and strange, he left the musick room.

He went on the terrace before the house,—he sat down in a garden chair;—the moon was upon the wane, and just appeared above the wood which on one side, formed the boundary of Mrs. Elwyn's lawn. Her silvery light marked distinctly the wavy undulations formed by the tops of the trees, whilst below all appeared in the deepest gloom. The sea could be heard; but the light was too partial and indistinct to render any of its waters visible. The night was still; but at intervals a rushing sound was heard through the wood, as if the wind was rising; yet scarcely a breeze was felt, and the sound died away. Henry listened to the sound, and recollected to have remarked the same phenomenon in the woods about Dalsy. This thought recalled to his mind his home, his parents, and his native hills. The remembrance

of these softened his feverish enthusiasm into a more tranquil feeling: the harmony was remembered, but it was now associated with earth and human beings. Julia was endeared to him beyond expression; she had seemed to breathe her mind in the tones of the organ, and the delightful memory of its solemn melody, awakened an excess of tenderness towards her who could produce such strains.

When he returned to the musick-room, he found it empty; and on going into the drawing-room, the card parties were breaking up. Some time was spent in talking about the honours and odd tricks. Then came the cloaking of the ladies, and the wrapping of the gentlemen; clogs, lanthorns, and servant maids, were all "marshalled" for duty; and after mutual good-nights, the party advanced to Torley.

Henry had contrived, with some manœuvring, to be the escort of Julia. Her arm hung upon his, and he was happy.

The heart of Henry was worthy of Julia: it was as pure and guileless as her own; tremblingly alive to the new feelings of tenderness, which were so delightful, and were increasing every hour. Conscious of no thought or wish which did not pay a pure and manly homage to the confiding friend who hung upon his arm, he gave himself up to love, with all the enthusiasm of his nature. He had no opportunity of unexpectedly shewing this love, with all the interesting confusion of an invo-

luntary premature disclosure. No accident occurred to Julia during their walk. There were no ponds out of which she could be dragged by her lover; the sea was at a distance; and no robbers, or wild beasts made their appearance. Henry and Julia, therefore walked from Mrs. Elwyn's, as any other two very common human beings might have done, without appearing worthy of envy. But Henry felt as if he had suddenly become a more important personage. His being seemed expanded. Had it been day-light, his countenance would have told a spectator that he considered himself of great consequence, and exposed, from his superiour happiness, to be envied by his less fortunate fellow creatures, who could not, alike himself, feel the pressure of the arm of Julia. If he had been asked why his countenance was so animated, yet his steps so lingering during that walk; he might have blushed, and would have been puzzled to have answered such questions in a proper metaphysical sort of a way. He did not give himself the trouble to analyse his feelings: they were new, and very delightful. It was not the first time a woman's arm had been entwined in his. Some of the Dalsy ladies, young, as well as more elderly maidens, had lent upon him, but his heart under these trying circumstances, had been always tranquil; his attention had never before been so exclusively occupied. With his mother, or the belles of Dalsy, he had mental leisure to notice and admire surrounding objects, trees, dogs, or whatever came in his way;

and when a reverie came on, he would almost have forgot the lady altogether, had not the sound of her voice sometimes reminded him that he was not alone. But now his senses were on the alert, and directed solely to one object. His ears rested on the slightest modulation of Julia's voice; his eyes notwithstanding the evening was rather gloomy, enendeavoured to penetrate her veil to discover the well-known features, and the lovely smile on which his fancy delighted to dwell. Their conversation was neither very witty nor very profound. If written down, it would not afford very fine turned sentences, nor ready repartees; but it was delightful to themselves. Dr. Dalby did not hear it, and that was sufficient. Henry did not suffer it to languish: he spoke in praise of Mrs. Elwyn, and he found that Julia was warmly attached to her. He wished to have mentioned the nephew, but he dreaded to hear that he came in for too great a share of Julia's regard. Yet the opportunity was favourable;—he resolved to hear the worst. "Do you know Mrs. Elwyn's nephew?" said he to Julia.

"I have seen him; but he has been abroad these six years; and I was so young when he was here, that I scarcely remember him."

"He is a fine looking young man, I believe?"

"I have been told he is very handsome," said Julia: "I hope he is amiable, for the sake of his delightful aunt, whose fortune must come to him."

" I hope so too," said Henry.—He almost questioned his own sincerity, as he professed such a hope.

" I am glad that he is expected home next year," continued Julia. " Mrs. Elwyn is so happy with the hopes of seeing him. She speaks of him very highly."

Now, whatever effect this conversation had upon Henry, certainly he did not at that moment feel quite comfortable, nor was he tormented with any great degree of jealously. His nature was too generous to repine at the praises even of a rival; and the pressure of Julia's arm seemed to give him for a moment an assurance that she might one day be wholly his.

They arrived in the town. Henry wished the walk had been longer. He dreaded to feel the arm withdrawn; he would have shaken hands with Julia as he bade her good-night. This is a very common and a very simple action: Henry had thought nothing of it hitherto, but it appeared now to include a great deal of meaning: he felt that to him it would be delightful: but the idea of offending by too great a familiarity, confined him to a simple good-night.

" Love," thought Henry, as he lay upon his pillow, " shall not unnerve my mind.—What a mysterious law is that by which woman can give such wonderful sensations to the heart of man.—I will deserve such a wife as Julia. With her what afflictions could come upon me which I could not

cheerfully bear—without her—pshaw——" He found his fancy was going to draw a gloomy picture; he turned upon his pillow, closed his eyes with an effort, as if to banish every thought, and then fell asleep.

CHAPTER XIII.

Où pourrait-elle avoir pris l'art flatteur,
L'art de seduire et de garder un cœur,
L'art d'allumer un feu vif et qui dure?
Où? dans ses yeux, dans la simple nature.

VOLTAIRE.

ALTHOUGH Mrs. Delby could seldom understand her husband's theories, yet she was no fool. Her education had been very defective, and her natural abilities were not above mediocrity. Nature, to compensate for mental deficiency, had given her a handsome face; but her manners were sufficiently vulgar, and her vanity was excessive. Mrs. Delby could value her fellow creatures only by one very gross standard, viz. by the magnitude of their fortunes. Her curtesies and smiles were regulated by her knowledge of income; and her head was the rent-roll of the town and neighbourhood.

When she found herself a mother, and that her child was a daughter, she looked upon little Julia as a creature who was born to be married; and it

was evidently the duty of her mother to see that she married well, or, in other words, that she should be bargained off to the most wealthy suitor.

Her daughter, for this great purpose, was to be rendered sufficiently attractive; and Mrs. Delby proceeded on her own ideas of a good education. As the end of Julia's existence was to be well married; so the great end of her actions was to please the men, that she might, agreeably to her mother's phrase, "catch the richest fish."

This good mother set herself very seriously to teach her daughter the whole catechism of artificial manners;—formal curtesies;—the lisp of salutation, varied in its sound by the quality of the salutee;—a regulated demure aspect, to pass for modesty;—formal and insipid questions—answers and remarks, short and frequent; and a practised smile of simplicity. Nothing was to be left to nature, but every feeling was to be shewn, suppressed, or modified, according to the etiquette of town society. Julia might have been a creature after Mrs. Delby's own heart, if these plans of education had been carried into effect; but she had fortunately a wiser friend in the person of Mrs. Elwyn. This lady was a very distant relation of Dr. Delby's. Mrs. Delby was very glad to partake of this relationship; and to make it known as extensively as possible, that Mrs. Elwyn, who had a large fortune, was her cousin.

Without a child herself, Mrs. Elwyn transferred the tenderest affections of a mother to the little

Julia. She perfectly understood, and very just valued, the character of her would be cousin. She perceived what sort of an education such a mother would give to her daughter, and persuaded both the parents to commit to her own charge the education of Julia. She proposed to them that Julia should be sent to Elmsey lodge, and, for some years, be entirely under the care of Mrs. Elwyn. Mrs. Delby readily consented. Upon certain occasions she could command an hysterick fit, and, for the sake of effect, could, with a little difficulty, afford a flood of tears, complaining at the same time of her own weakness and sensibility. She was not void of feeling, but her feelings were never very acute; the prospect of parting with her daughter caused a burst of grief which was meant to be very striking, and which was certainly very transient. She flattered herself that Mrs. Elwyn had in view to marry Julia to her nephew. On such an event she herself would never want an occasion to walk to Elmsey lodge;—an intimacy there would make her of consequence in the town; and for various minor considerations, Mrs. Delby was delighted to resign her daughter to Mrs. Elwyn. The good Doctor's consent was gained to this plan with rather more difficulty. His wishes had been for a son and heir, whom he intended should become, under his tuition, a second Newton.

He had written for the practical use of his son, a "Theory of education." This, unfortunately for the world, now lay useless in his desk. He had

provided a slipper bath filled with spring water, into which, as a preparatory step to the occult sciences, the infant was to be plunged immediately after birth, and twice a day for the first month of its existence. This, with the assistance of a clay bonnet or cap, to be worn for an hour just after bathing, was intended to keep the child's head cool, and his brain in a proper state, ready for the sublime ideas to be transferred into it from the Doctor's own cranium. The hour of birth was anxiously expected. The Doctor stood in an antichamber, by the bath, to superintend the ducking of his little boy, when the nurse announced to him that the child was a daughter. The Doctor groaned ;—it fortunately did not occur to him that a female head could be rendered clearer by cold bathing immediatly after birth, and he returned without speaking into his study ; wondering why a daughter had been born instead of a son !

This disappointment in his hopes did not prevent him from being fond of the little Julia. He thought it not worth while to compose for her a a new theory of education ; he meant quietly to wait till Mrs. Delby blessed him with a son, and to let the mother educate the girl herself. He loved the little Julia, notwithstanding he did not interfere in her education ; her caresses warmed his heart ; he felt the pleasure of being a father, and was not a little gratified to see that she would run to papa, who was always kind, in preference to

mamma, who knew no medium between indulgence and downright scolding.

The Doctor perceived the advantages which his daughter would derive from the proposal of Mrs. Elwyn; and stipulating that his daughter should spend every Saturday at home, Julia was removed to Elmsey lodge. Here nature was not counteracted by education: Julia grew up under the care of Mrs. Elwyn, an accomplished unaffected girl,—pure and unartificial,—full of life and vivacity,—acting more from sentiment than rule, and finding the best code of female etiquette in the feelings of her own heart.

It was true that Mrs. Elwyn looked forward to an union between Julia and her nephew as an event to be wished for, but which she intended by no means to endeavour to accelerate. She loved her nephew, and she loved Julia; she thought them worthy of each other; and she could not help desiring that they might one day be united, but she determined to use no influence over the affections of either of them.

Her nephew had been abroad six years with his regiment. He had lately written that he was going to resign, and return home, and Mrs. Elwyn was enjoying, by anticipation, his return to England, when Henry Welburn became acquainted at Elmsey lodge.

CHAPTER XIV.

Le vent, dont le murmure se prolonge sous les feuilles tremblantes, nous révèle la musique. Et l'on dit même que sur les côtes de l'Asie, où l'atmosphère est plus pur, on entend quelquefois le soir une harmonie plaintive et douce, que la nature semble adresser à l'homme afin, de lui apprendre qu'elle respire, qu'elle aime, et qu'elle souffre.

DE L'ALLEMAGNE.

ON the appointed Saturday, Henry Welburn knocked, with some emotion, at the door of Dr. Delby. He was shewn into this great man's study. It was occupied on two sides by shelves filled with books. On the third, behind the door, hung a large map of the world, on Mercator's projection; a small time-piece was placed above the fire, to remind the philosopher that "*Tempus fugit*;" a large library table stood in the middle of the room, on which lay several volumes of Encyclopædias, one or two of the Doctor's MS. books, and several loose scraps of paper filled with valuable remarks. He himself was sitting in a chair comfortably stuffed on all its sides, apparently as much calculated for repose as study. Before him lay a guitar; a flute and a flageolet lay on one side of him; and two or three fiddles, with a great double base, lay upon the floor on each side his chair. "I am glad to see you, young Mr. Welburn," said the philosopher, shaking him by the hand.—Henry's foot

struck against the double base, which gave a groan, as he advanced to meet this salutation.

"The room is rather in confusion," said the Doctor, smiling.

"You are an amateur in musick, Doctor."

"I have been engaged this morning," replied he, "in comparing the sounds of different instruments. I wish to frame a theory which shall explain why the sound of catgut affects the ear differently from the notes of a flute. A flute gives out sounds which we call soft, and which are more delightful to the ear than the beating of a drum. But why is the ear delighted with one kind of sound in preference to another?—Will you tell me it is a law of nature, and that it depends on the organization of the ear? An inquiring mind will not be satisfied with such an answer. I have thought upon the subject the whole of this morning, and have been comparing the notes of these different instruments, but I am not quite content with the few notes I have written.—Sit down, Mr. Welburn."

It occured to Henry, that one of his own reveries might give to the philosopher food for meditation. "Have you ever, Sir," said he, as he seated himself in a chair, "have you ever reflected on the musick of the vegetable world?"

"On what?" asked the Doctor, staring.

"On the harmony of the vegetable world," repeated Henry.

This sounded well; but the Doctor was somewhat piqued that he had not thought of it himself.

" I have been much engaged with important studies," replied the philosopher; " but explain yourself: What harmony do you suppose to be given out by vegetables?"

" Now to ingratiate myself with the father of dear, dear Julia!" thought Henry.—" I do not presume to understand much about the matter," said he, looking modestly; " it will be for a mind like yours to strike a light out of my few dark and rude ideas."

The Doctor smiled, and drew his chair closer to Henry's. " I like to see young men inquisitive," said he; " it is a good sign; do not be afraid of me; state what you think."

" My theory,"—he remembered the Doctor's favourite word, " is built upon a very simple fact, viz. that different sized substances, played upon by the wind, will produce each a different sound, as we see is the case amongst the strings of an Eolian harp."

" A well known fact," said the philosopher, with a nod.

" Then, Sir, as a fir, an oak, or a maple, present to the wind different sized leaves, and branches; the sounds produced by the wind upon them, will be as different; and why may they not be as harmonious as the strings af an Eolian harp, although the imperfection of our auditory organs will not permit us to perceive all the modulations? We give to every tree a sort of mental character, and characterise it as grave, gloomy, lively, and so

forth. Do not the sounds given out by different trees, bear an analogy to this their moral character?—Will not a Scotch fir, for instance, give out a melancholy musick, to correspond with its gloomy character, and quite different from the harmony of a rose bush?—Again, will not this vegetable musick correspond in its nature, to the character of the seasons? In autumn, when we listen to such sounds in a forest, we may remark that they are very different from those we hear there in summer; they may be said to vary with the weather, and I have thought that the musick of the woods catches its character from the aspect of the heavens. In winter and spring, certainly, the general tones given out by the vegetable world are different from those heard in summer and autumn. When the leaves are withered, they present to the wind glazed and hardened surfaces, their edges are more acute, their moisture is gone, and that green texture which spoke strength and luxuriance, has given place to a colour which has a melancholy aspect of decay and desolation. The musick produced by the wind amongst such lifeless foliage, corresponds in a remarkable manner with the mournful aspect of the trees. If a gentle breeze plays amongst the branches, the tones are acute and melancholy; the sound is like a voice of misery announcing ruin. If the winds arise, these tones have the same character of desolation; but they become louder, and more sublime. When the leaves are fallen, the acute tones produced by their sharp edges, give way to

a more death-like and gloomy harmony. The trees, stripped of their covering, offer to the wind only obtuse bodies, which give out a deadness of tone, broken into wildness by the smaller branches."

Henry ceased. The Doctor had listened in silence: he took the hand of Welburn. "Your ideas are somewhat original; and I like them. Dine with me to-day, and we will talk it over again."

Whatever importance Henry might attach to his theory, the invitation to dinner was of no slight moment. He went to gain Dr. Sanwell's permission, and returned a little before the hour of dinner. He was shewn into a room where Julia was alone. This was an opportunity.—Their hands joined;—the pleasure this salutation gave Henry was undefinable. He never forgot the pure thrill of delight which ran through his frame.

—"What are you and my father going to do this evening?" said Julia laughing; "he has been making a forest in his study; let us hope there are to be no wild beasts there?"

"I hope not to give you the idea of one," replied Henry. "But how has the forest been made there?"

"By my myrtles and geraniums, branches of trees of every description, collected from the hedges with great industry, within these two hours. It reminds me of Christmas eve."

Henry laughed.—The Doctor was abashed.—"It wont do, I see," said the philosopher, rather hastily. "Take away the bellows."

John retired laden with the bellows.

"We did not consider what might be said of this theory by such a fellow as John; yet it is plain, if the wind makes melody in a wood, so we may expect harmony from a bed of cabbages."

"God Save the King," from a bed of Scotch cabbage!" said Henry, laughing.

The Doctor could not quite keep his gravity. "It wont exactly do, but I will think about it. Let us go to the ladies."

Henry could have defended his theory, which was rather a favourite one; but that would have detained them from the ladies. He therefore followed the Doctor.

Julia laughed to hear from Henry the end of the experiment.—"Papa," said she, with her charming eyes sparkling with animation, and smiling in his face, "do you remember my theory on the mind?"

"Pshaw!" said her father; "you talk so much nonsense; a girl of sixteen talk of her theories!"

"And yet you were struck with its point when you first heard it."

"I might think it ingenious for your age," said the Doctor.

"Might I know it?" asked Welburn.

"May I tell it, dear papa?" said Julia, looking slily at her father.

"Pshaw!"

"I was talking about ideas; and the Doctor was a little puzzled to find out how these odd sort of things get into the mind. I hearing much conjecture on the subject, and always willing to set every one's heart at rest, shrewdly hinted that they might be drawn up and squeezed out of the mind, as water out of a sponge. It was only to suppose that they were first, some how or other, floating in the air; then that they somehow or other got into the nose, and then into the brain; which we may as well suppose a piece of sponge, as not to complete the theory. Now, do you know that my dear papa, who stands there, thought he had got such a dear clever daughter, that he put down all this in his note book, and gave me a kiss for my ingenuity."

"Julia," said the Doctor, smiling, "when will your nose turn purveyor to your brain, and supply it with a few rational ideas!"

The Doctor was never angry with his daughter; he loved her so well, that he could even bear her laughter at his theories.

"Lovely little theorist," thought Henry, as he returned home; "surely she will one day be my wife; and yet if man is born to trouble, certainly I was never born for such felicity."

Before Henry closed his eyes, he had nearly persuaded himself that Julia was not averse to him; he recollected her smile when she first saw him, the shake of her hand dwelt upon his memory.

He then began to imagine his home,—his wife,—his children,—the conjugal kiss when returning after a short absence to his happy fire-side,—his mother witnessing his felicity, and nursing her grand-children. The picture his fancy had drawn, forced a tear of rapture in his eye. To form the happiness of an amiable girl; and that girl Julia! He felt that events were in the hands of God,—he breathed a prayer that he might be worthy of such a wife, and one day obtain and make her happy. "Yet if I lose thee, Julia,—if I do no deserve thee——"—He turned hastily from such a gloomy anticipation.—"If the felicity of such a wife is to be mine, may I never forget the Father of all blessings, thee, O God! whose minister I hope to be."

Henry would at this moment have appeared to many a romantick dreamer, whose weakness was deserving only of contempt. It might be weakness, yet whilst his soul was raised to the Deity, he fervently implored a blessing on the girl he loved. His eyes filled with tears. No one was there to ridicule his feelings.

CHAPTER XV.

But, oh! the scenes 'mid which they met and parted—
The thoughts, the recollections sweet and bitter,—
Th' Elysian dreams of lovers, when they loved—
Who shall restore them?
Less lovely are the fugitive clouds of eve,
And not more vanishing.

BERTRAM.

MRS. Delby soon discovered, that the affections of Henry Welburn were fixed upon her daughter. She saw, with some displeasure, that he went frequently to Mrs. Elwyn's, and that he was very well received there. She dared not expostulate with Mrs. Elwyn, but contented herself with a few oblique hints of what might be the consequence if his visits were encouraged. To these hints Mrs. Elwyn paid no attention.

Very much to Mrs. Delby's joy, the day came when Julia was to set out for London. That day came indeed, not so much to the satisfaction of Henry. He had not an opportunity to say much at parting; and had the opportunity been given him, he would have felt more eloquence in silence. "You will think of me sometimes, Julia," said he to her. "Do not forget me when you enjoy the gaities of London."

She looked at him with a smile. "Do you think I shall ever forget you!"

There was a sort of emphasis laid on the word *ever*, and Julia blushed as if she had said too much. Henry could have knelt and thanked her; he felt all the assurance she meant to give; her parting look told him he might hope. He did hope, and saw her depart with something like a conviction that they would one day be united.

He remained at Torley six months after the departure of Julia. His greatest pleasure was to visit Mrs. Elwyn. This lady esteemed him very highly: his tenderness of heart, and simplicity of manners won her affection, and the relationship of mother and son was almost mutually felt and established in both their hearts. Mrs. Elwyn was the guardian, the friend of Julia. Henry knew they corresponded, and he found that he could not help being very much attached to Mrs. Elwyn even on this account.

Mrs. Elwyn did not frequently mention Julia. She adhered to her plan of neither encouraging nor opposing the attachment of Henry to her young ward. She was not yet convinced it was entirely mutual. A greater knowledge of the world might shake the constancy of Henry, or might make Julia indifferent to him. These changes were possible, and therefore Mrs. Elwyn determined to remain neutral. She could not however forbear reading to Henry a very short passage from Julia's first letter to her, after she had arrived in London. No passage of Cicero certainly ever gave him half the

pleasure; and yet Julia had merely written—"P. S. Remember me kindly to Mr. Welburn."

These words expressed a great deal; at least Henry thought so, and he was particularly pleased with the word *kindly*, and gave to it a more extensive meaning than perhaps Julia ever intended. Julia certainly felt a strong partiality for Henry Welburn; his person had pleased her eye, and his evident liking for herself had won a considerable share of her affection. She had yet no conception of the misery caused by love, and she knew very little of its hopes and fears. She very soon discovered that Welburn loved her; and this did not appear so very unnatural a degree of benevolence as to demand an immediate surrender of her heart, purely to shew how much she was obliged to him. She liked him better than any man she had ever seen; and if his affection had been not so soon evident, and less apparent than it was, her partiality might have been provoked by some of the uncertainties of love, into a more downright passion. She knew not yet so much of man, as to suppose the possibility of inconstancy. Henry had neither inclination, nor much power to disguise his feelings: Julia soon saw very plainly, that his heart was wholly hers: and his affections appeared too evidently and securely her's tô permit her to doubt that they would ever be another's.

But security in too early a stage of such an attachment, does not always afford pleasure. A woman, who too soon knows that she is beloved, and

who does not dread inconstancy, sometimes becomes indifferent, from that wayward capriciousness which loves pursuit better than enjoyment.

Julia, when she bade adieu to Welburn, loved him better than she had ever done before, and for some time afterwards thought of nothing else but Henry. She recollected every thing he had said to her; the respectful tenderness of his manner, the expression of his eye, his animated countenance, his smile which was wont to answer hers, when their looks were directed to each other. She began to reproach herself that she had not appeared more warmly sensible to all his attentions. Occasions occurred to her, when she might have smiled more kindly, or spoken with more tenderness. She well recollected the pressure of his hand, at parting; indeed she felt it more plainly and delightfully afterwards, than at the moment it was given; and she thought that from common gratitude, her own hand might have been less passive.

These reflections made Julia for a while pensive and sad; but she arrived in London; and a new world opened on her view. She had letters to Mrs. Elwyn's friends, many of whom were of rank and fortune. The school to which she was sent, was one of the first in town, in one of the most fashionable squares, and fitted up with the greatest elegance. Madame was kind; and with many companions naturally as gay as herself, Julia felt happy. Conscious of possessing talents and beauty, she saw herself admired and envied. Her skill

in musick could at any time command applause. Her studies were easy; and she gave herself up to the hopes and pleasures which the new scenes around her were calculated to excite.

A few weeks after she had written that little P. S. which had so charmed Welburn, had any one asked her if she was in love with Henry; she would have blushed perhaps at the remembrance of her past feelings, but she might with great truth have answered in the negative.

CHAPTER XVI.

She's absent, but I have her figure here,
And every grace and rarity about her,
Are by the pencil of my memory,
In living colours, painted on my heart.

MASSINGER.

HENRY remained but a short time at home, after he had arrived there from Torley. His father had many reasons for not wishing him to remain at Dalsy, and he hastened his departure for college. Henry was not sorry to leave home again; he was restless and unhappy. He rambled over his favourite hills, and reposed in the woods as he had been wont to do, but every thing seemed changed: he felt that he rambled alone. The idea of Julia generally came to his mind with a feeling of uncertainty whether she would ever be his. He felt the necessity of study, to invigorate his mind. The solitude of the country was painful to him, and its tranquillity became irksome. He could repeat to himself that man was born to labour, and that life had its duties, which were not performed by speculation and reveries. He knew that it was his duty to prepare himself for the most sacred, and the most useful of all professions; but his energies appeared lost in a feeling which overpowered his activity, and deprived him of his rest. He wished

to be continually in motion, and he had not sufficient resolution to apply to study. He attempted to read; his eyes would be fixed on the book without perceiving a single word; and his thoughts would almost insensibly steal away, to rest on Julia.

Ashamed of his indolence and inattention, he would walk out with his book, determined to enjoy the heavens and philosophy together; then he would lie down near a water-fall in the glen, and almost forget that he had a book in his pocket. He often reproached himself for growing more selfish; he found not the same pleasure in walking with his mother as he had done formerly, and the company of his father was still more irksome. Mrs. Welburn indeed did not frequently interrupt his solitary walks. She was not ill, but her countenance was pale; her expression often that of deep melancholy; she took less exercise than usual. Henry noticed these changes, but Mrs. Welburn professed herself well, and he was willing to believe her.

But when the hour of parting came, her unusual grief shocked and alarmed him; she embraced him in tears; she kissed him, but could not articulate a syllable. He felt her hand tremble violently as she withdrew it from his. His father too appeared more sad than he had ever before seen him; and as he bade him farewell, Henry saw for the first time in his life a tear upon the cheek of his father.

After a journey the most dismal he had ever known, and after making himself miserable by the

most gloomy anticipations, and weighed down by a vague presentiment of future troubles, he arrived at Cambridge.

Edward Sanwell was there before him; and his strong mind and unbending steadiness were of infinite service in awakening the energies and the ambition of young Welburn. The quick sensibility of Henry to right and wrong; and the noble desire he felt after excellence of every kind, at length led him to a course of persevering study. At first he found it difficult to rivet his attention to the book he was reading; or to listen entirely to the lectures he attended; but he became interested in the search after truth, and he very soon found a high pleasure in the success which attended his exertions. He found it not difficult to abstain from the dissipation of his college. Vice, under the name of gaiety, did not deceive him. He had as keen a relish for pleasure as the gayest of the gay, and his disposition was formed for conviviality; but the sensuality of his collegiates disgusted him by its coarseness. He had a powerful protection against errour in that native repugnance against vice, in that sensitive feeling of innocence, which had not been impaired or sullied by a familiarity with the world. The idea of Julia served him as an amulet. Deeply and tenderly attached to this pure and amiable girl, he felt how unworthy he might become of her smiles, how little deserving of that love, which he hoped would one day bless him with herself. Happy the man, who,

in the morning of his days, does not lose by dissipation, the power of loving; who has not deadened by his vices, that quick sensibility to the charm of a virtuous passion, which finds its happiness in the devotedness, and the noble homage of a pure exclusive affection!

Henry passed his trials with a degree of success, which brought him a letter of warm approbation, both from his father and mother. He prepared to take orders, and began to look forward with some confidence to an honourable and a happy life. His ambition was not directed to wealth or dignities, but he wished to be extensively useful, as the minister of a parish. His mother had directed his views to this end. He might wish for a rectory, instead of a curacy, but such a wish was only connected with the idea of greater duties, and the more comfortable establishment of Julia. His prospects appeared tolerably bright, and he began to indulge in some very pleasing reveries. Immediately on taking his degree, he wrote to his mother, and detailed to her at some length, his plans for the future. He spoke of the room she was to occupy at the rectory house; and the care she was to take of the education of his children.

He had scarcely despatched this letter, when one arrived from his father, requesting him to return home, on account of the indisposition of his mother. Henry could not obey this summons immediately, but in two days afterwards, he left Cambridge.

CHAPTER XVII.

> I hear the voice,
> And know that I indeed am motherless.
> - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
> O look upon her face! eternity
> Is shadow'd there.
>
> WILSON.

"How is my mother?" said Henry tot he servant who opened him the door.

The man stared. "How is she! Sir."

"She is not worse, I hope?"

The man looked upon the ground. "My master will know, Sir;—he wished you to go to him in the study."

"Cannot you tell me whether she is better or worse?" said Henry, impatiently.

The man had been in a hurry to open the study door, afraid to be asked any more questions; and Henry entered the room with a certainty that his mother'was dangerously ill.

He found his father sitting by an open window, which looked into the garden, and he appeared to look more than usually pale and sad. He advanced to meet his son. "Well, Henry," said he, "I expected you two days ago."

" I was detained at college, Sir, longer than I expected; and I did not consider your letter as a very urgent summons. But how is my mother?"

" Free from all pain now, my dear Henry."

Henry grew pale as death, his blood ran cold within him. " Dead!"—His voice was scarcely audible. Mr. Welburn took his hand, and tried to assume a tranquil air. " You have only one parent left now; your mother died yesterday morning."

Henry heard him without betraying any violent emotion; he turned away, and sat down without speaking. He was at first too much bewildered by this sudden calamity, to feel it very acutely. His eyes were fixed upon the fire, and he seemed to remain in a state of stupidity. Mr. Welburn resumed his station at the window, and was as little disposed to speak. He continued to watch the clouds which were moving rapidly along the sky. The low voice of Henry roused his attention, " My mother died, and I did not see her! You did not," continued he, " tell me she was dangerously ill?"

" Nor was she in the least danger when I wrote to you, my dear Henry; she merely complained of slight indisposition."

" I may see her now?"

Henry arose from his seat; the idea that he must behold her dead, overpowered him;—he sat down again, and burst into tears. " Compose

yourself to-night," said Mr. Welburn, " and to-morrow I will lead you to her room."

" No; now, Sir, if you please."

" Be it so, if you wish it."

Mr. Welburn took a candle, and was followed by his son to the apartment of Mrs. Welburn. When they entered the room, a sickly perfume arose from the flowers scattered upon the body. The coffin was placed upon the bed, and covered with a napkin. Mr. Welburn gently removed the cloth, and Henry beheld his mother,—he stood and gazed upon her countenance;—how sadly changed!—there was there no smile, no look of kindness, no animation;—the bloom which had rendered her so beautiful in life was gone;—the light from the candle, gleaming partially on the corpse, rendered the features more ghastly; and an expression of pain, which remained on her countenance, appeared to mark the agony of her last moments. The eyes were as if painfully closed; the cheeks pale and shrunk. Henry bent over the coffin—he touched her hand, which lay partially covered by the shroud; he almost started at the touch—he put his lips to the forehead, which was partly shaded by ringlets of her dark-brown hair. He kissed her lips—but their warmth, their elasticity, was gone—their coldness crept into his veins—he drew back with an unvoluntary horrour. "This is death!" said Mr Welburn: " how wretched should we be if immortality were but a dream!"

He replaced the napkin; and Henry wept with bitterness, as he took a last look of the coffin which contained his mother. It seemed as if she yet lived, and he was forsaking her for ever. "She is dead," thought he, as Mr. Welburn closed the door, "and we shall meet no more, till I become a corpse like her."

This idea was some consolation. He felt powerful in a consciousness of immortality; and his imagination led him in a moment to the end of life. Death, which appeared dreadful when gazing on a corpse, seemed now to afford him the greatest comfort. He took the arm of his father—"When is the funeral?"

"To-morrow," replied Mr. Welburn; "every preparation is made.—Retire to rest now, my dear son—God bless you!"

Henry could not answer—he returned his father's embrace in silence, and retired to his apartment.

CHAPTER XVIII.

What is it that I clasp?
No breathing form within my grasp,
No heart that beats reply to mine;
Yet, Leila! yet the form is thine.
Ah! were thy beauties e'er so cold,
I care not—so my arms enfold
The all they ever wished to hold.

THE GIAOUR.

MR. WELBURN returned to his study. He was a widower;—a book lay open before him, but he could think only of his wife. He turned gloomily to the fire;—the wind whistled through the door with a low tone of wintry desolation. Mr. Welburn was in general not much affected by sounds, but in his present mood, the mournful playing of the night breeze gave him a sort of consolation. Nature appeared to sympathize with his affliction, and the plaintive cadence of the wind made his heart feel less desolate. The village clock struck the hour of twelve;—Mr. Welburn listened to the sounds; some of them he heard distinctly, and then the wind made them appear more distant and indistinct;—the hour was tolled—then they ceased. "In that church yard," said he, aloud, "my wife must be interred to-morrow, and then my future existence will be a state of widowhood."

He sighed at the anticipation; and rising, he threw up the sash. In the western part of the horizon, the stars were rendered invisible by a dark mass of cloud; above, the concave was clear, and they shone with great lustre;—a few detached clouds passed over them for a moment, and moved with silent rapidity towards the south-east. Some few fires were faintly blazing on the hills; and a light in a distant cottage was now seen like a star, and then disappeared.

From the same window where he then stood, how often had he admired, with Mrs. Welburn, the evening landscape—had marked with her, the varied streaks of twilight, which succeeded to the setting sun—had listened with her to the sounds which "from the upland village rose;" and from that spot where he then stood, had listened to her anticipations of another world.—And yet she was dead;—it appeared an illusion;—he felt a desire to look upon her once again; "and then," thought he, "I will submit to my destiny."—He took a light from the table, and again entered the room where his Maria lay, and placed the candle nearer the corpse than before, that a stronger light might make the features less ghastly. He removed the covering. "You did not look thus in your younger days, my Maria!" said he, in a low murmur: "When first I loved you, then how blooming—now how pale!"

He looked steadfastly at her face, almost expecting she might breathe again, and look upon him

with her usual kindness. Every thing was still;—the wind sometimes came in low murmurs along the passage, and then died away; the flame of the candle was not even agitated. Mr. Welburn sat down on the bed, and put his arm around the head of the coffin; with the other he put aside the ringlets of his wife, and pressed her forehead. The coldness did not chill him;—he bent nearer to the face, and gently kissed her eyelid. The memory of former years made him forget his stoicism;—he was ashamed to weep, yet the tears stole down his cheeks;—he was looking on the dead body of his wife, with whom he had passed more than twenty happy years of his existence; and he felt, that if tears are ever pardonable in a man, it is when, after such a union, he becomes a widower. He wiped them away, looking almost unconsciously round the room to see that he was not observed.

He began to arrange the flowers which had been laid upon the body, when one corner of the shroud accidentally fell from the neck, and left part of it exposed. The most bitter feelings made him hastily replace it;—he started up with a feeling of disgust;—yet he looked upon the face he had loved, and again bent over it. "Maria," said he, in a low whisper, "you have forsaken me, but may the Almighty permit us to be united when my last hour shall be past, like thine!"

He strained his lips to hers, and, covering the body, left the room. "How tranquilly could I die to-night," said he, as he entered his own apart-

ment;—"what have I now to do in this world? I have indeed one tie—I have a son—yet that son may——O God!"

His eyes looked up to Heaven;—he knelt down, and prayed for resignation.

CHAPTER XIX.

Her mind
Had wandered from its dwelling, and her eyes
They had not their own lustre, but the look
Which is not of the earth.

LORD BYRON

Stretch thy saving hand
To a lone cast-away upon the sea.
Who hopes no resting place except in heaven.
And oh! this holy calm—this peace profound—
That sky so glorious in infinitude—
That countless host of softly burning stars,
And all that floating universe of light,
Lift up my spirit far above the grave,
And tell me that my pray'rs are heard in heaven:
I feel th' Omnipotent is merciful!

WILSON.

MR. WELBURN had for two years before his wife's death been alarmed by the depression of spirits which occasionally afflicted her. Her faculties for a time would appear to be overpowered by a profound melancholy. She sometimes wept without any apparent cause; at other times reclining her cheek on her hand, her eyes full of fire, were fixed on vacancy, and she appeared absorbed in a deep reverie. A few days before her death, these symptoms appeared more alarming. Mr. Welburn sent for the physician who had before vi-

sited her, and inquired his opinion. "Do you wish me to speak candidly as to what is her real disease?" said the Doctor.

"I do," replied Mr. Welburn.

"Then her melancholy, Sir, is such as I have reason to fear, may terminate in——" He stopt.

"Insanity," said Mr. Welburn, turning pale.

The Doctor bowed.—"I was prepared for this. Her father told me of the malady in her family before I married her.—But can nothing be done to save her reason?"

"She must be amused and diverted by a change of scene; take her to a watering place, and I hope her spirits will return."

Mr. Welburn immediately went to his wife's room, and proposed an excursion to the South of England. "I will send for Henry," said he; "he shall go with us; we will call upon your father as we go, and prevail upon him to join our party."

Mrs. Welburn was standing by the fire, sad and thoughtful. At the mention of her father, she looked quickly at her husband, her eyes sparkled, and, with a smile, she said in a low voice.—"Ah! I shall see my father no more."

"Dear Maria, indeed I hope you will," replied Welburn.

The voice of tenderness in which her husband spoke these words, recalled Mrs. Welburn to herself. She pressed her hand to her eyes, as if to close them by an effort, and Mr. Welburn perceiv-

ed that she was in tears. He tood her hand, and affectionately put her arm round his neck.

"Beloved Maria, why will you give way to this melancholy? Think what I must suffer!"

Mrs. Welburn threw herself on his neck. "Indeed I am not unhappy. Shall I make you suffer for a moment! You, who have been to me all tenderness!"

She wept. Mr. Welburn pressed her to his bosom.—"Let us walk out, and be as thankful and happy as we have reason to be.—Come, let us wander up the glen."

Mrs. Welburn smiled. "Let us go then."

Her spirits appeared to revive as they wandered up the delightful glen near Mr. Welburn's house; and winding through a copse of elms and sycamores, they came to the summit of a hill which commanded a fine view of the vale of Dalsy; the church of which appeared just below them. "We will return home through the church-yard," said Mrs. Welburn.

"Nay, not to-night, my love," said her husband.

"Yes, the walk will be delightful;—let us go."

Mr. Welburn consented; but he trembled as he observed the wild quickness of her glance, and the fire which shone in her eyes, without any of their usual gentle softness. They descended down the path which led into the valley.

The church was situated about half a mile from Mr. Welburn's house, and near the western extremity of the vale. A yew tree, which appeared to

have flourished amidst the storms of many centuries, stood on the eastern side of the church, and overshadowed, with its mighty arms, the graves where the "forefathers of the hamlet" slept in peace. It was a fine evening at the end of autumn. The lobourers had not yet left the fields—waggons laden with corn were seen passing along the road; and sometimes the shouts of harvest home, with songs of laughter, were heard in the stillness of the evening. As Mr. Welburn and his Maria entered the church-yard, two village dames passed them with gleanings on their heads. The one was a rosy young damsel lately married, the other was her mother: she had gleaned fifty years, yet was still strong and healthy; and her countenance, marked by a few wrinkles, was enlivened by a smile of content. Mrs. Welburn knew them both, and the salutation of "good-night," was given and returned with mutual good will.—"How lightly," said Mrs. Welburn, "does that village dame trip over the ground where both her parents and some of her children sleep, and where her bones must soon moulder by the side of theirs."

"*To this favour she must come*," said Mr. Welburn.

"Our children lie there," continued his wife, as she turned to the spot where their remains were deposited. He felt her arm tremble within his.

"Let us be thankful, Maria. Providence has spared us a son, who will form the comfort of our declining years."

They passed under the yew tree. The moon shone strongly through its gloomy foliage, and threw a partial light on the surrounding tombs, which appeared continually to vary as a gentle breeze agitated the smaller branches. "Yet that tree," said Mrs. Welburn, "overshadowing the graves, and the moon-beams reposing on the turf, make death appear very amiable, as a sort of relaxation from the painful stretch of our existence."

"It is an odd sort of comfort that we are to find in the grave," replied Mr. Welburn.

"Yet I love to conjecture where the soul will go when it leaves the body," resumed Maria. "If space is filled with innumerable worlds, to one of those worlds the soul must wing its flight, when the termination of existence shall give it liberty. Here it may be gradually advanced through more worlds than one, to a higher state of being; it may have to endure greater trials, or enjoy a more perfect happiness, as it has been purified or degraded in this our world. Is not this probable?"

"It is at least not impossible."

"*In my father's house are many mansions.* This house is the universe, and those mansions must be the worlds which revolve around us.—Our souls, dear Welburn, may be destined to yon bright planet which appears so brilliant over that wood of firs."

"I hope they will both be destined to the same world, my dear Maria, wherever that may be."

"Yes! God is too merciful to separate two beings who love each other so tenderly."

Mr. Welburn felt the affectionate pressure of her arm, as she seemed to draw him closer to her heart. A tear rose to his eye—a presentiment of his fate agitated his mind with the most cruel apprehensions. The years of happiness that were passed, appeared but as an illusion, from which he was about to awake to the sad reality of misery.

When they arrived at home, they found a letter from their son. He lamented, in affectionate terms, the indisposition of his mother, spoke with delight of their intended excursion; and promised to be at home in two days.

This letter appeared to give Mrs. Welburn new spirits. She spake of her son with all the fondness of a mother, and she anticipated the pleasure of seeing her fat[illegible], and seemed to have resumed all her native gaiety. Mr. Welburn appeared to partake of her animation; but he saw madness playing in her smile, and the wild quickness of her glance filled him with terrour. She left the room, and Mr. Welburn sat down to read.

Mrs. Welburn went up to her chamber, and threw open the window. The moon was nearly at the full; a few silvery clouds streaked the edge of the horizon; the air was cool, and the night breeze gently agitated the jessamine which grew around the window, and then completely died away. The meadows on each side the river were covered with a white vapour, which rising to a considerable

height, extended far along the valley, curled into a variety of forms, in some parts almost transparent, in others more condensed, and a of darker colour. Not even the barking of a dog was heard; but the hooting of an owl from the neighbouring glen, echoed down the vale.—Lights were seen in the village, and twinkled from the windows of the cottages, scattered on the hills. The light of the moon rendered many of the stars invisible; but those of a greater magnitude shone brightly in the heavens.

Mrs. Welburn recognized the brilliant world she had fancied as an abode for her own soul. It shone over a wood of ancient Scotch firs, which covered with gloomy grandeur the hill of Stalwell, rising almost immediately eastward of the church.

Mrs. Welburn gazed at it, and the idea of death again took possession of her soul. How mysterious is that hereditary temperament which can overpower the will, and make it subservient to certain thoughts, which not all our efforts can banish for a moment! Death appeared to Maria, still young and beautiful, necessary and delightful. A fire within seemed to be painfully pent up, and to burn for liberty, that it might ascend to its native heaven.—Death, love, and eternity, were so closely connected in her mind, that her heart felt trammelled by existence. She was overpowered by a wish for infinity. Life appeared to her as a feeble cloud, which being dissipated, she would enjoy unknown felicity. She looked at the heavens, and felt as if

death would teach her the secret of their birth, and make known to her the sublime mystery of all their harmonies. She beheld the valley tranquil, and enlightened by the moon—the dark shade of the woods—and the silvery light of the mist, which lay upon the meadows. All this appeared to her but as a fine painting, imitating an original still more beautiful. She thought she saw, as through a prism, colours which only dazzled her. This prism broken by death, the confusion of the colours would, she imagined, be lost in a light which would shew to her objects in their perfect beauty. She thought upon her husband—and the idea of him made her anxious to get rid of life. She felt as if she would hasten to love him yet more tenderly; as if conjugal enthsiasm would become more vivid in heaven, and as if love in eternity would be inexpressibly more delightful than she could feel it then. The past and the present, as connected with this world, were to her annihilated—she thought only of the present as connected with immortality. "Yes," she continued to repeat to herself, "I will love in eternity, with a rapture I cannot know now. A light from the throne of God will beam upon my spirit when it shall advance before Him—then will delight the most intense begin! Almighty Father, I am ready to depart! Oh! let a beam of thy glory play around my soul, as I ascend to Thee!"

She knelt, and looked to heaven—a bitter sense of insanity shot through her brain with the keenest anguish—a transient gleam of reason came upon

her mind—it was but for a moment. She hastily withdrew her hands, which had been painfully pressed upon her forehead—she advanced to the dressing table—her face was deeply crimsoned by an unconscious blush, as she took in her hands the instrument of death.—She looked upon it—raised her eyes to heaven, and smiled. It was her last, most beauteous smile—a smile of the deepest madness.—She heard footsteps on the stairs—the door was fastened—some one tried to open it, and then knocked.—The voice of her husband tenderly pronounced her name—her face instantly grew pale—she raised her arm with a determined energy.——The door was burst open—her husband entered—he rushed towards her—it was too late—the deed was done—after one convulsive sob, she expired upon his bosom.

CHAPTER XX.

What though beneath our feet the earthly mould
Of virtue, beauty, youth, and genius lie
In grim decay! Yet round us we behold
The cheering emblems of eternity;
What voice divine is theirs?

WILSON.

THE dead give little trouble.—A coffin, a shroud—a grave—and a few attendants to commit the body to the dust, are all that is necessary to the temporal denouement of human life.

Mr. Welburn and his son, as chief mourners, followed the body of Mrs. Welburn to the grave. The inhabitants of the vale of Dalsy, and of the hills and glens which bound it, came in crowds to the funeral. Some to stare out of mere curiosity; others to gossip about the manner of her death; and a few with feelings of real grief at the loss of their benefactress. Henry leaned upon his father, bathed in tears. He trembled as he heard the funeral service drawing to a close; and when the earth sounded upon the coffin of his mother, he felt as if he could gladly have sank into her grave, and have been buried with her. Mr. Welburn was apparently tranquil; his countenance was pale, but shewed little sign of grief or of any emotion. His wife was a suicide—his only child carrying madness in his veins—himself a widower—yet he wept

not. As he witnessed the last offices paid to her he had so tenderly loved, the strange mystery of life and death occupied his thoughts. His affliction was softened into a silent contemplation of the existence which he felt, and the grave which he beheld.—How contrasted! The one was passing away with every pulsation of his heart, the other opened before him as a permanent dwelling for the human race. He felt happy that every thing was transient—that this earth, filled with life, and tombs, was passing on to the end of its destiny. He beheld without a tear, all that remained of his unfortunate wife committed to the earth. In the meridian of her life, still young and beautiful—bound to the world by the most endearing ties, she had pursued the image of a more perfect happiness to the throne of the Almighty—she had deserted the duties of a wife and mother.—"But her grave is hallowed by madness; and the fine tranquillity of the evening appears to bespeak a divine pardon, which secures her eternal happiness." Mr. Welburn felt that she was pardoned.

The mourners and spectators returned to their dwellings. The birds of night forsaking the ancient yew, began to flit over the new filled grave where lay Maria Welburn; and the gentle dews of evening fell for the first time upon the turf which covered her.

CHAPTER XXI.

The thread of our life would be dark, Heav'n knows,
  If it were not with friendship and love intertwin'd;
And I care not how soon I may sink to repose,
  When these blessings shall cease to be dear to my mind.

MOORE.

"*From Edward Sanwell to Henry Welburn.*"

"You are but an idle correspondent. I expected to have heard before now, that you had set out on your excursion. I hope your mother is quite recovered, and that you are enjoying your walks around Dalsy, and the society of the Dalsy maidens. I have been at Torley more than a fortnight. I was ordained just after I left college; and I have preached once in this parish church. You should have heard my eloquence. Before whom, think you, had I the honour of preaching?—No less a personage, than Doctor Delby, and no less an interesting girl, than his daughter Julia. She is grown a very woman; her person is improved, and you will think it very charming. I fancy, and it may be only fancy, that she is not much better for a London boarding-school. I believe she is more accomplished; and a girl more thoroughly accomplished, never existed. She has too much

sense to be affected, but I think she is become somewhat more dashing, and a good deal attached to the splendour and gaieties of high life. Her address is more fashionable, but, I think, something less natural than before. Her smile, however, is the same, and I am sure her heart is as good as ever.—But I have something to tell you not very pleasant. I would not give you pain, but let me whisper, that if you wish to gain this prize, you must lose no time in coming to secure it. When I arrived here, I found Captain Elgar, Mrs. Elwyn's nephew. I understand he was introduced to Julia in London, and came down with her in the mail. Henry, I will conceal nothing from you. His marriage with Julia is talked of, as a thing perfectly settled. She does not now reside at Elmsey lodge, nor can I positively say that any affection subsists between her and the Captain. She cannot avoid being frequently in his company; and I do believe there is a little flirtation.

"Mrs. Delby would, if possible, have Captain Elgar continually with Julia. She gives very broad hints, that the match is quite settled; and has spoken in one party of the carriage, of which she has already fixed the colour. Captain Elgar is a formidable rival. He is a very handsome fine looking fellow; has been twice wounded; and has the frank, noble air, and all the confidence, of a British soldier. I have been twice in his company, and to tell the truth, I like him very much He paid a good deal of attention to Julia, and was de-

lighted with her playing. I thought she was pleased with him, but still I doubt whether she loves him, and I also doubt whether he is really attached to her. But he may wish to have the eclat of a beautiful, dashing wife, without caring much for her. Therefore, I say again, come hither, and look after your prize.

"As to Dr. Delby, he does not trouble himself to advance this match; and I do not think he likes the Captain, who laughed, *sans ceremonie*, at one of his theories, and told the philosopher, that it might be very profound, but that to him it was perfectly unintelligible. But I must have done. When will you come to Torley? I long to have you here.

"Ever yours,

"EDWARD SANWELL."

"From Henry Welburn to Edward Sanwell.

"I HAVE only one parent now, my dear Sanwell. My mother is dead—dead and buried. She expired the day before I arrived at home.—I have seen her corpse, and I have seen her laid in her grave.—It almost appears an illusion, the event was so sudden.—I do not see her in the parlour, where she used to sit.—She is not here now to take long walks, leaning on my arm.—Yet I often fancy her still with me—sometimes I almost see her smiling upon me, and listen to the sound of her voice—but then I remember the chilling feel of her forehead, as she lay in her coffin—the cold kiss of her lips, which almost made me shudder—I repeat to myself that she is dead, and I endeavour to be convinced she will return no more.

"I had formed many plans for future happiness;—in all these my mother was included. Indeed I felt all my obligations to her; I remembered all her tenderness—her anxiety for my welfare—and her constant wishes that I might be happy.—I wished to convince her that I could be grateful; to shew by every attention how affectionately I was attached to her. Had she lived!—but it is now over.—I think I never gave her intentional uneasiness during her life; and it is some satisfaction to reflect on this. I have not learned that she mentioned me in her last hours. Her death, I believe,

was too sudden—yet I wish she had left me some kind remembrance—if she had only blessed me to my father!—But if she sees me now, if she thinks of me in Heaven, I know that she has blessed me.

"When I last saw her, we talked about Julia. I was then full of hope—I spoke about my marriage—a parsonage house—a delightful garden—and a happy fire side. My mother was to be there; and if I had children, she was to nurse them, and give them such lessons as she had given to their father. She encouraged me to hope for Julia; and entered with delight into all my plans of domestick happiness.—How far in perspective does that happiness appear now, Sanwell! My mother will never enjoy it with me.

"Your letter made me feel like a fool.—I could have shed some tears, but I was too proud to do this.—I have built my visionary fabrick of felicity upon the devoted attachment of a woman. It is perhaps a weak foundation. Stronger minds like yours, may be happy without love, and may be too independent to feel it; but I will confess to you, that love is to me every thing. The devotion, the possession of a creature to whom I had given my whole heart, seems the great charm which renders existence valuable.—I know what you would say,—I see you smile with a conscious superiority to such weakness.—You talk to me of duty.—Give me Julia, and what duties are there which I would not perform?—without her I might, indeed, perform them, from a sense of right, and feel some satisfac-

tion from acting well—but where is the being who is to enjoy this pleasure with me, whose countenance is to reflect it? Think of me as you please, dear Sanwell, but my ideas of happiness in this world are associated with love for woman. I long to love—and to be dearly beloved, and cherished by a tender delightful being, who shall call me her husband—her own Henry. My heart yearns to be satisfied with a passion, pure, constant, and tender, from such a girl as Julia.

"This seems to me very natural.—You may think me very weak;—I may be so, but it is a weakness I cannot help.—Notwithstanding your information about Elgar, I do not despair, although I was inclined to do so at first; but I think Julia had some partiality for me when I was at Torley. I think she has not forgotten me. She knows well enough how much I am attached to her, and it is possible that the recollection of this may plead in my favour.—Captain Elgar will have a large fortune, but surely Julia would not decide between us on mercenary views. If so, I think I could resign her without much pain; but she is too noble, too generous, to give away her heart for money. Depend upon it, London has not really altered her. A little novel polish, insensibly gained at a London boarding-school, may have made her appear altered for the worse; but I am sure she is just as charming and as good as ever.

I will tell you our plans:—My father intends leaving this country. He wishes to quit it as soon

as possible; and we shall be at Torley in a short time; that is, immediately after I have been ordained. He will take a house there, and some land, in its neighbourhood, and I shall reside with him, till I procure a living, of which at present, I have no sort of prospect. In case of such an event as my marriage, he has generously promised to allow me five hundred a-year; leaving to himself only the same income, which he says will be more than sufficient to supply the wants of an old widower. He is an excellent parent, and was so tenderly attached to my mother—but he has a sternness which forbids me to tell him all the feelings of my own heart, for fear of his ridicule. In my mother I have lost a friend who knew all my thoughts, and appeared interested in the most trivial feelings. What a chasm does her death appear to have made in my existence!"

CHAPTER XXII.

Night wanes, the vapours round the mountains curl'd
Melt into morn, and light awakes the world,
Man has another day to swell the past,
And lead him near to little but his last.
But mighty nature bounds as from her birth,
The sun is in the heavens, and life on earth,
Flowers in the valley, splendour in the beam,
Health on the gale, and freshness in the stream.

CHILDE HAROLD

MR. WELBURN was indeed very anxious to leave the vale of Dalsy; and even before he could find a purchaser for his house, he fixed the day for his departure. The manner of his wife's death was unavoidably known; and he was in constant dread lest any one, by inadvertence or officiousness, should inform his son. After such an event, he felt a reluctance to see or be seen by any of his neighbours. He would receive no visitors; and his walks were generally taken in the evening in the most sequestered glens. Every place around Dalsy awakened the most painful reflections; and he determined to leave Dalsy, never to return there. He caused a plain tombstone to be placed over the grave which contained his wife and children; and when this duty was performed, he had nothing to detain him longer, and he was ready to leave the place, where more than twenty years of his life had happily passed away.

He would mention his departure to no one but Henry, on whom he imposed silence.

The chaise was at his door at an early hour, that he might excite no observation. It was a fine morning in spring. The mist lay upon the meadows, rising above the river to a certain height, over which the hills and woods were seen in the grey light of morning. In the east the sky was streaked by clouds of the most brilliant orange colour; their edges appeared of a darker hue; and the whole concave appeared to partake of the glories which preceded the rising of the sun. The hedges were still wet with dew. The red-breast and the chaffinch strained their early song, as if in rivalship to each other; the lark, rising from the stubble, sang, as he soared "to the gate of heaven." Rooks were seen flying over the valley to seek their food in the new ploughedfi ld; smoke already began to rise from the cottages; labourers were going to their daily work, with the provision for the day neatly placed by their wives in the little basket which was slung by a stick over their shoulders. Children, half dressed, ran to the doors to see the carriage pass along the road, whilst their mothers looked for a moment from their windows, and then resumed their occupation, wondering why "gentle folks" should get up so early. The young maidens were going to the pastures with milk pails under their arms, the colour of their arms vying with the rose which bloomed upon their cheeks. Some, more modest looked down upon

the road; others would cast a side glance at the travellers as they passed, and then snatch a hasty look behind them, to see why the favourite village lad, as he went to his work, had not overtaken them. A heart like Henry's could not refuse the response of gladness to this daily resurrection of nature. He felt these general signs of happiness awaken hope and joy in his own bosom; and he willingly gave himself to the most pleasing visions of love and domestick life. The recollection of his mother came to his mind with a gentle regret, which chastened without destroying his anticipations of felicity. He would not think of a rival—he was on the road to Torley—and he saw Julia as a charming girl who would accept the warm devotion of his heart; and, as a reward for his attachment, bless him with herself, and with an affection as devoted as his own.

Mr. Welburn's feelings were very different. During the first stage he scarcely spoke. A variety of scenery passed before his eyes, and he beheld it with indifference. The splendour of the rising sun, as he began to illumine the western hills, and to absorb the brilliant colours of the eastern sky in one blaze of light—this spectacle, which made Henry almost delighted with his very existence, was seen by Mr. Welburn without any emotion; it made him only more sad. The animated face of nature, the healthy contented looks of the peasantry gave him no pleasure: he felt indifferent to emotions of every kind. He thought on what was

past with sadness, but not with grief. The world had nothing new to offer him. He had tried its pleasures; he had enjoyed and suffered; and whatever trials he might meet in future, would, he imagined, come to a heart prepared to endure pain, but incapable for ever of feeling happy. He knew that he must now endure life as he had before enjoyed it; he saw in perspective the little pleasure his future years would bring; he felt the folly even of being sad, and he endeavoured to chill himself into a state of philosophick tranquillity, careless of every thing, and prepared for any thing.

The travellers remained a few days in the diocesan city; and when Henry had been received into the bosom of the church, as one of its ministers, they continued their journey to Torley.

As they came near the town, Henry felt all his hopes die away, and he began to torment himself by conjecturing possibilities. Julia might have forgotten him; her welcome might be formal, polite, and cold; her heart might have been won by the fine person, and gay address of a British officer—how much better calculated to please a woman than his own shy manners. Captain Elgar having seen much of the world, his conversation would be full of anecdotes, related with a grace and vivacity, naturally delightful to a young girl like Julia; and then his fortune—that might have some weight. For himself, what had he to oppose to such a formidable rival? A personal appearance not displeasing perhaps, but probably far less

captivating than Captain Elgar's; a fortune, which compared to his, was barely a competency, and he could hold forth no prospect of increasing it. All his pretensions—pretensions he had none. He could offer her a devoted heart, an affection as pure, warm, and tender, as ever man felt for woman. In this, and this only, Henry thought he could rival Elgar. His spirits sank within him; he called himself weak—effeminate—a fool—but he could not help feeling as if Julia was a prize destined for another.

They came within view of Torley, and began to descend the hill which overlooked the town. It was a fine afternoon; and the sun gave a warm colouring to the land-scape before them. Henry himself became more and more agitated. Julia might probably be walking out on the road they were travelling. He looked anxiously from the chaise windows; the next moment leaning back, as if dreading to discover her walking with Captain Elgar. When they entered the town, his attention increased; he eyed every female form, and saw coming towards them two young ladies, one of whom he recognized to be Julia. He hid himself in the chaise; his heart throbbed violently; he felt the blood recede from his cheeks; the ladies approached, he shoved himself with a great effort close to the window, and determined to look at them. He did so in an agony of expectation, whether Julia would recognize him, and whether she would smile upon him. It was not Julia—and he sank back in

the chaise, almost overcome by his feelings. He was like a convict suddenly reprieved from death—his frame still trembled, and he was yet quite pale, when the chaise stopt at the inn, and they alighted. He did not dare to walk out, lest he should meet Julia and the Captain. Such a rencontre in the streets, he knew would make him feel and act like a fool. Yet he could not help looking frequently from the window, but saw none of his old friends. Dinner was ordered, and Henry determined to call in the evening at Dr Delby's.

"Is Dr. Delby at home?" said Mr. Welburn to the waiter, as he was bringing in the dinner, knowing that his son would be glad of some information.

"He is at home, Sir; and I think, Sir, never better in his life, Sir. He looks amazingly fine and fresh, as blooming as a young man of twenty. It is wonderful—you will be quite astonished, Sir."

"Miss Delby is lately come from London: Is she at home?"

"She is, Sir."

He walked away to the sideboard. "Yes, Sir," continued the man, "Miss Delby is, we all hope, going to be married."—Henry's hand trembled—"In fact, Sir, we may say that the match is settled. The Captain is a very fine man—plenty of money, Sir,—which you know, Sir——"

"Bring me a bottle of wine," said Mr. Welburn, seeing the pale countenance of his son, and tired of the man's volubility. "This is the gossip of a

country town," said his father. "Marriages are settled at tea-tables, and in tap-rooms, without any intention of matrimony in the parties themselves."

Henry thought that it might be thus in the case of Julia and Captain Elgar;—he felt re-animated with the hope that the tale he had heard was mere gossip; and he eat his dinner with an appetite, which the waiter had nearly spoiled.

After dinner he went up to prepare for his visit. He dressed with a good deal of care, as if his future happiness depended on his present appearance. He had no great degree of vanity; yet he looked in the glass rather longer than usual. But the sight of his own face did not just then give him much satisfaction; it was pale, and thin. He felt that Captain Elgar's face might be much handsomer; yet he thought it possible that Julia might love himself, from the good-enough sort of expression which he imagined was in his eyes. He turned away, half ashamed of a feeling of vanity which gave rise to such a thought;—he looked at his watch twenty times before the minute hand pointed to the hour of tea. He wished for his father's company; but Mr. Welburn declined going, and Henry set out alone.

"Is Dr. Delby at home?" said he to a maid-servant who opened the door.

"How do you do, Sir?" said the girl, smiling and curtesying. "Miss Delby is in the parlour."

"The Doctor?" said Henry.

"Yes, Sir, he is in; and Miss Delby is with him."

"Stop a little," said Henry, as she was hurrying to open the door.—The maid turned, still with a smile on her face, which Henry felt stealing over his own. He pulled off his great coat, and took out his handkerchief. The maid thought he did all this very slowly; and opening the door, as Henry thought in a great hurry, and before he was quite ready, he heard her say, "Here is young Mr. Welburn."—He then walked forward.

"Young Mr. Welburn!—I am very glad to see you," said the Doctor, coming forward, and giving him a hearty shake by the hand.

Henry was glad to quit his grasp, to take the hand of Julia, which was held out to him. The touch and smile which accompanied it were almost electrick;—he thought not of Captain Elgar, and he could return with greater pleasure the salutation of Mrs. Delby, which was meant to be very polite.

When he had answered the first very common inquiries, as when he came to Torley? what route he came? how long he had been upon the road? Henry had more leisure to observe Julia. Her form was more womanly. She was somewhat grown, and her figure very much improved; but her countenance was just the same, and her address as natural, and her smile as winning, as when he had seen her last.

Henry paid little attention to Mrs. Delby; her presence was this time no restraint upon him. He

placed himself by the side of Julia, and engaged her in conversation in a low voice, which sometimes approached to a half whisper. Mrs. Delby eyed them from time to time with a keen look of displeasure. When her eye met that of her daughter's, she would make the look more significant. Julia understood her wishes, but she paid her no attention. She felt herself very happy, and she saw no possible reason why she should look grave, or frown, when a smile of joy was playing in her eyes, and on her lips.

Dr. Delby was in great good humour, and now and then made some learned inquiries concerning the density of the air in the north of England—the range of the thermometer—the mental capacity of the natives, and other similar questions, all shewing the curiosity of a great mind.

Fortunately for Henry—unfortunately perhaps for the world in general—the Doctor's mind was not just then occupied by any new theory, and the evening passed, as Henry thought, very rapidly away, without any philosophical discussions on the harmony of the vegetable world. Nothing was said even by the celebrated Doctor worth recording, and Henry enjoyed common chit-chat with Julia; delighted at every glance of her eye—catching every modulation of her voice—and happy, he knew not why, to feel himself near her, even when they said nothing. He made many inquiries after Mrs. Elwyn. "I hear that her nephew is come to Torkey?" said Henry.

"Yes," said Julia, half blushing, as she looked up and smiled; "he escorted me from London—we travelled together."

Henry did not quite understand the blush. "How did you like him?"

"Oh, very much: he is remarkably handsome, and very good natured. Besides, were he more disagreeable than he is, I should like him as the nephew of Mrs. Elwyn."

Julia said this without any embarrassment.—Henry felt not quite at ease; but he was a good deal assured by the manner in which she praised the Captain. "Have you been at Elmsey Lodge lately?" said he.

"I have engaged to call there to morrow."

"Aye; you had better go together," said the Doctor.

"My dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Delby, casting a tremendous look at the philosopher.

"If Miss Delby will permit me?" said Henry, looking at her.

The colour had stolen upon her cheeks; but she smiled, and moved her approbation. The hour was fixed, and Henry felt that he could have listened patiently to one of the Doctor's longest theories.

He rose to depart, and with a face, whose every expression spoke the most ardent love, he offered his hand to Julia as he bade her good-night. It was not easy to misunderstand the glance of his eye, and the pressure of his hand.—Julia felt them,

and she felt her cheeks growing warm by a blush which rose to betray her own feelings.

Never had the stars of Heaven appeared to Henry so beautiful as they did in his walk that night, from Dr. Delby's to the inn. Never had the waves murmured on the shore so musically in his ear. He felt his heart glow with gratitude for his very existence, which then was so delightful. He gave himself up to hope and joy; evil days appeared far off; and he could not help imagining, that if some men were born only to trouble, others might be born to happiness, even in this world.

His father observed the animation of his countenance when he entered the room. He listened to the hopes which Henry could not conceal. He remembered the time when he was equally in love, and equally sanguine;—he saw how cruelly his son's expectations of happiness might end in lasting misery. He almost wished, by some chance or other, Henry might learn the cause of his mother's death. He imagined, as a father, he ought not to conceal it. To tell him, would be to render his future life solitary and miserable—the chance of his marriage with Julia would be broken off. Yet could he suffer his son to marry an unsuspecting girl, and entail upon their children the dreadful malady he carried in his veins! The idea that this malady was caused by his own marriage, gave him a pang of keen remorse.—Whilst the unconscious Henry was conning over the looks, the words, and smiles of Julia, and dreaming of love and happiness, Mr.

Welburn was censuring himself, and debating how to act. At one moment he resolved that things should take their course, and Henry be left to the chance of learning his misfortune by experience. He blamed himself for yielding to Henry's wish to return to Torley; but he had yielded, and he perceived the likelihood of his speedy marriage. He shrunk from the task which he saw it was his duty to perform.

He finally determined that Henry should know the evils which lay before him, and that Dr. Delby and his daughter should know the consequences which might result from a marriage with his son. In what manner to inform them, he could not then decide; but that it was his duty to inform them was very evident, and in some way or other he determined to do so.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Amusements courted me on every side; and yet I felt the want of something. When I looked further into life—when I thought of the joys and sorrows which await us mortals, I could not but wish for a husband, who would accompany me through the vicissitudes of this world, who, in return for my unbounded love, would become in my age a friend and protector.

GERMAN THEATRE.

JULIA DELBY felt that all her best affections were given to Henry Welburn, and the conviction that he loved her as ardently as ever, made her little less happy than Henry himself. His appearance; the respectful ardour of his manner; the speaking glances of his eye; the parting pressure of his hand, told her plainly how much she was beloved. She thought he was improved by losing some of his timidity; but she was gratified to reflect, that while every look and attention told her how much she was beloved, every glance and every motion spoke a homage the most pure and respectful. Julia's residence in London had at first dazzled her, and made her form some very aspiring wishes. She was introduced, by the letters of Mrs. Elwyn, into the society of the noble, the affluent, and the gay. Every thing around her spoke of enjoyment.—She quickly saw how much notice and attention riches could procure, and how little mere merit was re

garded when not recommended by wealth or fashion. This she found to be especially the case where women were concerned. A man of known talents, even without fortune or great connexions, is well received in the drawing rooms of the great; but his wife is a very different personage: her merrit may be great, but if she cannot command an equipage, and afford parties equal to such society—if she is neither fashionable, or a woman of family, she will soon find herself sinking to a circle below that which would receive her husband. Julia at first sighed for rank, and that distinction she saw rank could so easily procure. The coronets which adorned the carriages of the great daily rolling through the streets—the eagerness with which titles were pronounced by girls in the school—the contempt they shewed for a mere Mrs. who was neither rich nor fashionable—the deference which she saw that Madame paid to the girls of rank who boarded in her house;—all this made Julia's heart give many a sigh for a large fortune and a coronet, and form some plans for making a rich conquest, whenever she should have an opportunity. Welburn seemed far below her. The wife of a country clergyman!—immured far from town—from theatres—from routes—from all admiration but that of her husband—seemed a state to which she could never stoop.

So thought Julia for a time, whilst the gaieties and the dazzling society to which she had been introduced had the charm of novelty. This charm

gradually wore away. She became accustomed to plays, to routes, and to the sight of titled men and women, as well as of carriages with coronets. Her mind was naturally too penetrating to be long deceived by external glitter. At the age of sixteen she was easily enchanted by the glare of high life— but her heart soon repined for a deeper feeling than mere admiration:—she required to be beloved; and amongst the many who flattered and hung around her, the greater number she disliked for their effeminate persons, or despised for their vanity and evident selfishness. The few men who pleased her eye, did not yet please her so well as Welburn, with whom she could not help comparing them. From these frequent comparisons, she began to recollect him with more tenderness, and to find a great pleasure in the remembrance of his attachment to her. The men she met with in large parties stared at her with impudence, and addressed her with a lounging confidence and nonchalance, which to a girl like Julia was no recommendation. In Welburn there was a delicacy and respect which flattered her far more than the noisy flattery, and admiration she received in London. The modest speaking glance of his fine eye, came to her memory as a delightful contrast to the gaze of the men of fashion,.who thought to please her by their stare. She began to love him the more, the oftener she thought about him. It was now that she foresaw the possibility that absence might cause him to forget her; she could now imagine it not

improbable that he might become attached to another woman; and the idea of losing him, with the uncertainty whether he any longer loved her, made her restless and unhappy. She felt as if no rank or fortune could recompense her for the loss of a heart which had been so devoted to her. She tormented herself with fears till she became miserable. Her heart longed to repose itself on the certainty of his love. She wrote to Mrs. Elwyn to inquire whether she had heard any thing of the Welburns, and expressing her great partiality for "old Mr. Welburn," wondered whether he would ever return to Torley. She begged Mrs. Elwyn to tell her any particulars about him, and whether he had got a living for his son, and whether the son was married?

Mrs. Elwyn replied, that she had heard nothing of the father, but that Henry was at Oxford with Edward Sanwell—"He is still unmarried," wrote Mrs. Elwyn. "He has distinguished himself in his studies, and Edward Sanwell says, in a letter to his father, that he never liked any one so much as Henry Welburn, nor ever knew any one more thoroughly amiable."

"That Sanwell is a fine fellow!" thought Julia. —"It is curious enough, though, that Henry is not married."

Julia would have thought it still more curious if he had been married. She never expected to hear that he was; but she almost wished to disguise

from herself the joy which played at her heart at the idea that he would marry none but her.

She went on with Mrs. Elwyn's letter.—"My nephew will be in town in the course of next month. He is to call upon you at my request, and he will wait your time of coming to Torley, to have the pleasure of escorting you. A gentleman is sometimes very useful in protecting a female traveller."

"So here is another beau," said Julia, "and a man of fortune too.—Dear, dear Henry, if he is only like thee, he will be indeed amiable!"

She kissed the name of Henry in Mrs. Elwyn's letter, and almost blushing at her own thoughts, ran down from her apartment.

CHAPTER XXIV.

She affects him not,
But dotes upon another.

MASSINGER.

CAPTAIN ELGAR did not thank his aunt for telling him to call upon Julia Delby, in Tavistock-square, to escort her down to Torley, and to pay her every attention on the journey. He more than once gave her very heartily to the devil, for not letting him travel quietly in his own way, without the plague of attending to women. However, he could not well refuse; but he pre-determined, that if Julia was neither pretty nor very agreeable, but only one of the "well-enough sort of girls," that he would say very little to her, but try to sleep most of the way, and pretend illness, to get on the outside.

When he saw her, these plans were forgotten. He made a lower bow, when she entered the room, than he had made for some time past, and expressed himself highly gratified by the very flattering commission his aunt had given him. "What a fine dashing girl, to be a sprig of old Delby's!" thought the Captain. "I must make her like me."

This, with most women, he had found not a very difficult task. He exerted all his powers of pleas-

ing, and Julia thought him a remarkably handsome agreeable man.—He was eight-and-twenty—he had seen much of the world, and was naturally very sensible. His address had all the ease, and rather too much of the polish, of a man of fashion. He knew the art of conversing, with grace, about trifles; and he could talk nonsense in a very superiour manner. He could affect feeling, but he had not much in reality. He loved to flirt with handsome women, and to feed his vanity by gaining their affections but his heart had been robbed of its purer sensibilities by the dissipation of a military life: and without any wish to wound the feelings of a girl, or to give her pain by desertion, when he perceived she began to like him, he, as it were, naturally grew tired of her, and sought for amusement with another.

His disposition was good, and his temper generous. He would not seek out distress, in order to relieve it, but if it came in his way, he would give money with liberality; not from any feeling for misery, but he felt that generosity was pleasant, and becoming the character of a British officer.

Such was Captain Elgar. Julia behaved to him with kindness, as being the nephew of Mrs. Elwyn—and this kindness Captain Elgar knew how to interpret into a liking for himself. He called upon her several times; walked with her in the park, and accompanied her and madame to the opera. Still her manner was the same—kind, but playful and unembarrassed; and he knew enough of wo-

men to see that she was not in love with him. Being convinced of this, he began to pay her less attention, and to think her merely a good looking girl, rather stupid sometimes, but clever enough at the piano.

They left London in the mail together, and the Captain slept very soundly the whole of the first night. The following day he made some remarks on the face of the country, and declaring that he wished to see it more distinctly, got out upon the coach box, which he steadily kept to the end of the journey.

Julia was amused at this change in his behaviour, and felt how little rank or fortune could tempt her to become a wife, where she could not bestow her whole affection. She thought on Henry. His fortune would be small; he would only be a country minister, unknown in the great world; yet he had given her his heart, and if that still remained hers, she felt that she could easily give up the great world, to be united to the only man she truly loved—to form his happiness, and to show him how warmly and gratefully she could return his affection.

Soon afterthe arrival of Julia, and her nephew, Mrs. Elwyn discovered that neither of them wish- to be united to the other; and she discovered, from Julia's oblique inquiries about Welburn, that her wishes were fixed upon him.

" So you don't much like this nephew of mine?" said she to Julia.

"I may complain that he does not fancy me," replied Julia, smiling. "I think him a very handsome, and a very pleasant man."

"Handsomer than Welburn?"

"I believe he is," said Julia.

"But not so exactly to your taste?" said Mrs. Elwyn.

"It is too bad to question me so very closely," replied Julia, blushing.

"My dear Julia," said Mrs. Elwyn, kissing her, "I only wish to see people happy. I own I could have wished that you and my nephew had liked each other rather more tenderly; but I know you think of Henry Welburn, and I am sure you could not have shewn a better taste."

"It may be that Henry has, before this time, given his heart away to some one else."

"That heart was most devotedly yours when he left Torley. Men are inconstant enough, but I can predict that Henry still loves this strange creature Julia, and I can predict that he will make you a good husband."

Julia smiled, blushed deeply at the last word, and hid her face on the neck of Mrs. Elwyn.—"He is expected at Torley in a few days," continued Mrs. Elwyn. "I wish that my fortune was more at my own disposal, for you are my own dear child Julia: but though it is chiefly entailed, yet I can give some token of my love, which will make the marriage state more comfortable. Therefore, let me whisper to you, my own Julia, that if Henry should

be so foolish as to talk to you about love, do not refuse him; because, as yet, he has not a good living.—We will find him one."

Julia had not the least idea of any such refusal; but between a smiling and a tearful eye, she managed to express her gratitude to Mrs. Elwyn, but assured her it might be the case that Henry had set his affections on another.

"I know you do not in your heart think that this is the case," said Mrs. Elwyn, smiling.

In a week after this conversation, Henry came; and Julia found that he was entirely hers. Still she wished to be informed more fully by himself, that he really loved her. She was convinced that he did; but she imagined the time would soon come when he might tell her so, and then she felt as if her heart would be quite at rest. The people of Torley, however, had settled that Miss Delby was to be married to Captain Elgar. Mrs. Delby took care to confirm these reports. It was not long after the arrival of Henry, that some discerning people began to doubt the truth of these statements. The Doctor expressed himself rather averse to such a match; though he did not think it suitable to his dignity, to appear much concerned about such a trifling affair as the marriage of his daughter. The fact was, that this illustrious philosopher did not much admire Captain Elgar. He had condescended to speak to him of a new moral theory on which he had been meditating. The Captain burst into a fit of laughter, to the great astonish-

ment of the Doctor, who could be satisfied that his theories should appear unintelligible, but he could not well brook that they should be so openly laughed at. From that time he entertained a secret contempt and dislike for Captain Elgar, and determined to encourage Henry Welburn, whose harmony of the vegetable world appeared to the Doctor to show some genius.

This philosopher hoped that if Henry married his daughter, *he*, in the course of events, might become a father; and there were some chances that his first child might be a son. In such a case, the Doctor's wishes were to try a few experiments upon his grandson, and give him the course of cold bathing he had intended for his own son. This great man had always in view the promotion of true science. And when he welcomed Henry so heartily back to Torley, he smiled as on the father of his future grandson, and he would willingly have married him to his daughther the same evening, that he might sooner enjoy the pleasure he anticipated of ducking his first child.

CHAPTER XXV.

Fain would I dwell on form; fain, fain deny
What I have spoke. But farewell compliment.
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say, Aye:
And I will take this word.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

HENRY had found it a very easy matter to become attached to Julia; but it was more difficult to speak to her of his attachment. Yet he wished to know really whether she would become his. He did not doubt but she loved him, at least he thought that she did—but after all, her speaking smiles and kindness of manner might have been mistaken by him for signs of love, when they were meant to be only those of friendship. It was time to offer himself—he wished to talk of love as well as feel it—to hear the delightful assurance of a reciprocal attachment—and to form with Julia plans for their future happiness. But how to tell her?—He could write;—but writing was formal—and he would lose all the tenderness of a favourable verbal answer.—Yet he might be refused, and a written denial of his suit, he thought, would be less painful than a verbal one. He debated with himself, but could not come to any resolution. Something might occur, in their walk to Mrs. Elwyn's, to enable him gradually to introduce the subject. Julia had some expectations of the same kind. But they walked to

Elmsey Lodge and back again, and the subject was not introduced; nor was their conversation of a particularly tender nature, though both felt it to be very interesting. They were each anxious for a declaration, yet both carefully avoided any thing which might lead to it. This was the case in several subsequent walks. Henry felt that in the presence of Julia his tongue refused to utter the constant language of his eyes. After many attempts, he wrote a letter, and putting it in his pocket, he determined to leave it at Dr. Delby's, and learn his fate by a written answer. On his way thither he met Julia alone; she was going to the beach—he joined her. While they talked on the weather, and such like topicks, Henry was overwhelmed with the consciousness of the declaration which was in his pocket, and determined at any rate to mention the existence of such a letter. "I was going to call at your house with this letter for Miss Delby," said he, blushing and laughing, and shewing her the direction, which was written in a very disguised hand.

"A letter for me!" said Julia. "Who is it from."

"Guess."

"Why wont you give it me?"

"Don't you know the writing?"

"No; I believe not," said Julia, blushing with a suspicion of the writer.

Henry saw the blush. "Then I will tell you

that it is mine. The letter is to tell you——"— He Stopped—" Guess what?"

Julia's eyes were fixed upon the sand on which she was walking. " Some nonsense probably," said she.

" Very plain, and very excellent sense," replied Henry, who now felt resolved to go on.—" Dear Julia, you must know how much, how dearly, how truly I love you. I cannot tell you one thousandth part of the affection my heart feels for you. Tell me that I may hope—say that you do not dislike me—that you have some regard for me. May I not hope this, Julia?"

Julia did not know how to answer, and she was silent, with a face which Henry saw was not of the palest colour. They walked on a while, and Julia spoke not. Henry pressed her arm. " Tell me, Julia."

" What would you have me say? I have a father and mother——"

" Then you give me leave to tell them that I love you?"

" If you choose to do such a foolish thing," said Julia, smiling.

" You have made me happy!" said Henry;— and the formidable declaration made, and made so successfully, he found himself growing eloquent. Their walk was protracted several miles. A third person would have thought them a very stupid pair, but thy found themselves quite sufficient for each other without more society.

When Henry returned, he found that his father had left home; and he found the following note to himself lying on the table:

"My Dear Harry,

"I am called away this morning into ——shire on business. I told you some days ago I expected this summons very soon. You may expect me back in a day or two.

"Your affectionate Father,

"H. W."

Henry wondered what the business was, and that his father had not been more communicative. He lamented his absence just then, because he wanted to tell him of his happiness. However he was not going to be out of humour, but sat quietly down to enjoy his own thoughts. Julia loved him; she would be his wife. This idea occupied his mind, and he did not suffer any fears to torment him. He was secure of her affection, what evil now could render him unhappy? How delightful did existence appear to him then! The first wish of his heart was accomplished—he was beloved by an amiable girl, one who would commit herself, and all her worldly happiness, to his love and protection. How deserving was such a confidence of his warmest gratitude! He felt all the value of the treasure he was going to possess; all the re-

sponsibility such a possession would give him; yet he had a confidence in himself that he would never willingly give one moment's uneasiness to the heart which had reposed itself on his, which relied so implicitly on his tenderness. He was now privileged to visit frequently at Dr. Delby's. Uncertain whether his visits were welcome, he had hitherto gone there as to a place where his absence would probably be more acceptable. Now he knew that one member of the family would be glad to see him, and he determined to offer himself to the Doctor that very evening for a son-in-law.

The Doctor received him with his usual kindness. Mrs. Delby was fortunately gone out to a tea-party. Julia had remained at home, so that Henry thought that day one of the most fortunate in his own life. After tea, Julia happening to leave the room, Henry seized the opportunity—" Dr. Delby," said he, respetfully taking his hand, " would you object—I have the greatest favour to beg of you—might I hope that you would grant it, I should be the happiest of men."

" Unfold your mind clearly, Mr. Henry," said the Doctor, " that I may fully comprehend what you wish me to grant."

" I love your daughter," said Henry with eagerness, dreading the too early return of Julia.

" Very natural," said the philosopher; " the sympathy between the sexes was ordained for their mutual happiness. I entertain different views from some physiologist, who——

"Then you approve my addresses?"

"What are the sensations of Julia on this subject?"

"I flatter myself that they are favourable to my wishes."

"Then as I have the highest opinion of you, my dear Mr. Henry, and remember with pleasure that fine effort to ascertain the harmony of the vegetable world, I accept you as a son-in-law."

Henry pressed his hand with joy.

"I wish your first child may——"

The door opened, and Julia entered; and the Doctor turned his face to look at the fire—then imagining the lovers would rather be left to themselves, he retired to his study, to meditate how the brain of a child might by external applications, be made to produce theories for the good of the human race.

Henry lost no time in telling Julia that he was her privileged lover. She expressed some doubts about the approbation of her mother. But Henry would hear of no obstacles. They spent two hours together very delightfully; and were conversing upon their future prospects, when they were somewhat disturbed by the entrance of Mrs. Delby, who had returned from her party. The Doctor was still in his study; and the lovers were somewhat confused at being found alone together. Henry raised his eyes to Mrs. Delby's face as he bowed to her, expecting to see a frown gathering on her brow. Julia did not dare to look up. T-

Henry's great surprise, she came up, and taking his hand in the kindest manner, assured him that she was very glad to see him. Inquiring after his father, she assured him she was happy to see him looking so well. Her eyes were full of animation and her countenance plainly told that she was very much pleased. Henry was astonished at this sudden kindness, and could not conjecture its cause. She did not, however, ask him to sit down again, or to stay supper. He shook hands with Julia, and took his departure, Mrs. Delby again offering him her hand.

"What can be the meaning of all this?" thought Henry, as he walked home. I hope she may have suddenly formed a better opinion of me, and by much kindness wish to make up for her former coldness. However, no matter; the good Doctor will receive me for a son-in-law. Julia, dear, dear Julia, loves me, and will become my wife. Was ever man so happy as I shall be!—was ever man going to be so blest!"

He looked almost instinctively to heaven, and thanked God for the prospect of so much felicity.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Mon pauvre enfant, si je peux te servir,
Tous deux ce soir je voudrais vous unir.

VOLTAIRE.

The following morning Dr. Delby rose earlier than usual. He had slept very little during the night; and his face, naturally pale, was still paler from his want of repose. "You take an amazing time to dress yourself this morning, Dr. Delby," said his lady, whose fat round face still pressed the pillow. "You have been dabbling there washing your hands and face for these twenty minutes; one would think they were clean enough."

The Doctor thought so too, but he made no reply; but simply did what another philosopher might have done—took the the towel, and abstracted the superfluous moisture by wiping them.

"You will not fail to write that letter to young Mr. Welburn?" said the lady, turning herself in bed with some difficulty. "I am glad I heard it all last night;—I hope we shall see no more of him. It is impossible Julia can ever think of him more. —Do you hear me, Dr. Delby?"

No reply was made. The lady turned her face to see the cause, and she beheld her husband sitting before the glass, resting his face on his hand, and contemplating his countenance very steadily;

a neck-cloth, which was destined to its office, was in the other hand. But the Doctor was absorbed in thought.

"Good Lord! Dr. Delby, what can you see in that ugly face of yours, to be admiring it for such a time?"

The philosopher turned to look at his spouse. He made no answer, but proceeded to complete the business of his toilet.

"Now Doctor," said his wife, as he was leaving the room, "don't forget the letter."

"I shall consider of it," said the philosopher.

It was the Doctor's custom to take a walk before breakfast, that he might think with more effect afterwards. His hat was on his head, and he was preparing to leave the house staff in hand, when he heard the name of "Papa!" pronounced behind him, in a half whisper. He turned, and beheld Julia.

"Are you up, my dear Julia," said the Doctor.

"Just come in here for a moment," said Julia, leading the way into the study.

The Doctor entered, and Julia shut the door.

"You look pale this morning, my good Julia; have you been passing the night without repose?"

Julia did indeed look pale; and she needed little to make her tears flow. "I have indeed passed a restless miserable night."

"Pshaw! my dear girl, preserve your tranquillity—never mind what your mother said last

night. Cheer up—I have a plan in my head which will settle every thing."

Julia looked up.—"Then you will not write to dear Henry till you have at least ascertained the truth of this story; perhaps it may be mere calumny. At any rate, be certain of its truth before you write. But if it is true——"

She could not proceed, but wept on the neck of her father, who was ashamed to feel some moisture in his own eye; but this was but momentary.—"My dear girl, never mind what your mother says; you shall marry Henry; he loves, you—I know he does—and you shall be united—leave it to me."

Julia smiled, with tearful eyes, and kissed the Doctor with the warmest gratitude.—"My dear, dear, Father!" said she, "you are always good."

"I must go and imbibe a little fresh air," said the Doctor; "I would advise you to do the same."

"I think I will walk after breakfast," said Julia.

She tripped up stairs, and the doctor went down to the beach, occupied with important meditations. These were occasionally not very agreeable. He debated with himself how to act most like a philosopher, in a case requiring, as he felt, very mature consideration. It had so happened, that at the party where Mrs. Delby had been the preceding evening, one of the company was a lady well known to Mr. Welburn, and whose home was not many miles distant from Dalsy. This lady was

come to Torley for sea-bathing; and without knowing that Mr. Welburn was then at Torley, or supposing that she was talking to any one who knew him, she told an exaggerated story of Mrs. Welburn's death, thinking it not at all necessary to conceal the name. Mrs. Delby loudly express- her horrour at such a shocking story; inquired very minutely into all the particulars, and appeared to listen so eagerly to the recital, that the lady inquired if she had known Mr. Welburn?

"Know him! Lord bless you, Ma'am! I know him very well.—He and his son are now living here."

"Living here!" said the lady, turning pale, as she looked fearfully round upon the company.

"Indeed he is living here," continued Mrs. Delby, "and his son has had the impudence to fall in love with my daughter; but I feel grateful to you, Madam, that I can now put a stop to his addresses."

The lady looked aghast, and felt, rather too late, what disappointment and misery might be the consequence of her disclosure.—"I cannot unsay what I have said," she replied. "The circumstances of Mrs. Welburn's death are known in the vale of Dalby to have occurred exactly as I have related them; but this I can say, that Henry Welburn is a young man who bears the highest character, and is, I have not the least doubt, worthy of any woman."

Mrs. Welburn drew up herself as gracefully as she could.—"His character may be good," said she, "that I don't pretend to deny; but he is no great prize—he has hardly any fortune—no expectations.—I shou'd'nt much care about the mother, if he had wherewithal to support my daughter in the style I should wish; but he has nothing, and no expectations, as I said before."

The lady looked at Mrs. Delby without making a reply. She found what kind of a woman she had been conversing with, and she was deeply pained at her own imprudence. Mrs. Delby, however, had heard sufficient. She foresaw what was to be, and, as she thought, could not fail to be, the consequence of the welcome information she had received. The Welburns must leave Torley. Julia would be estranged from Henry—Her affections would centre on Captain Elgar—a little encouragement would make him a devoted lover. Mrs. Elwyn, she knew, would consent, and the match take place. Captain Elgar might at present be indifferent to her daughter—this was likely, having observed Julia's fondness for another man; but this man removed, Julia would see that it was her best interest to make a conquest of Captain Elgar; and Mrs Delby never imagined that such a thing as female delicacy would prevent Julia making at least half the advances towards such a prize. And if her daughter—a young beautiful girl—played her part wisely, as she could herself instruct her, the heart of Captain Elgar, now at an age when

he must wish to marry, could not fail to be speedily won.

Full of these calculations, and hopes, and expectations, Mrs. Delby went home in high good humour, and, by way of softening his subsequent dismissal, behaved to Henry, whom she found with her daughter, with all possible kindness. Immediately upon his departure, she related, with great glee, the very "horrid shocking story" she had heard. "You may well look shocked, Julia," said this good mother; "I'm sure we can't be too thankful that we heard of this before things proceeded farther: not that you would have had my consent, for you must see that Ceptain Elgar is the man you should look to. But only think now, Doctor, for this young Mr. Welburn to think of my daughter, knowing that horrid end his mother came to!"

"He never knew it, I will answer for him," said Julia, looking at Mrs. Delby with an eye that made her feel her littleness. "I have heard Henry say that his mother died whilst he was at college. I am convinced he does not know the manner of her death. This story may be all a fabrication."

"No such thing as a fabrication, Miss Delby," replied the mother, "a fabrication, indeed!—The lady who told me comes from near Dalsy—indeed I believe she liv'd just by Mr. Welburn, and she knows all about it.—It is true enough; and the Doctor, who knows what is right, must write in the

morning to this young man, and prevent him coming here any more."

The Doctor was looking at the fire in a deep reverie.—He made no reply—Julia snatched up a candle, and retired to her room. The Doctor was compelled, during supper, to listen to many admonitions from his wife, that he would not fail to write Henry's dismissal in the morning. This great philosopher was not a man of many words, especially when he was left alone with Mrs. Delby; and finding she could get no other reply than "I will consider of it, Mrs. Delby," or, "I will do what I think right," Mrs. Delby grew tired of talking to him, and sat in silence, enjoying her own reflections.

The Doctor retired to his study after supper, as was usual when any momentous subject occupied his mind. He remained there for two hours, sometimes walking about the room with his hands behind his back; at other times, both hands were folded on his breast—then he would return to his own chair, cross his legs, and fixed his eyes upon the fire, but always in deep meditation. He would smile, uncross his legs, and turn over the leaves of a work on the philosophy of the mind, which he had lying open before him—He would read a little, then smile again; lay his hand upon the book, as if to say, "thou reasonest well;" and then rise and resume his walking. The Doctor was a man of energy and decision; he considered the matter thoroughly, and before two hours had elapsed,

his resolution was taken. Just as he was preparing to go to bed, he recollected a few notes that he had written a few years ago, upon madness. He thought they might be useful in the present case. He opened his drawer, where was deposited many precious productions of this great man, which his excessive modesty would not permit him to give to the publick. There was his "New System of Education"—his "Search after the Soul"—his "Speculations as to the Inhabitants of the Moon"—his "Speech, supposed to be made from a gun-boat, midway between Dover and Calais, to the French and English People, assembled on the opposite shores." At the bottom of the drawer, he found his "Proofs why Madness might be a Blessing." He read them over, and smiled as he closed the paper. He was satisfied; and putting the MS. uppermost in the drawer to be in readiness the following morning, he retired to bed. He slept however very little, still thinking, and occasionally listening to the tranquil snore of Mrs. Delby, as she slept profoundly by the side of her wakeful lord. "Happy woman!" thought the Doctor; "she sleeps like one of the lower animals, caring nothing for the sciences! Sleep on, gross compound of a little mind and a fat body!—sleep on, I say!"

His own eyes grew heavy—philosophers must sleep as well as their wives. The Doctor felt the universal want of nature overpowering all his faculties;—he almost lamented that one general law should thus level all distinctions, and that the sage

could not rise superiour to its influence.—He opened his eyes for a moment—it would not do—he turned himself in bed—pulled down his night-cap a little lower—buried himself more comfortably in the bed clothes, and fell fast asleep.

CHAPTER XXVII.

En effet, l'homme supérieur ou l'homme sensible, se soumet avec effort aux loix de la vie, et l'imagination mléancolique rend heureux un moment, en faisant rêver l'infini.

M. DE STAEL SUR LA LITERATURE.

WHERE is Julia?" said the Doctor, as he saw his wife at the breakfast table, and his daughter not there.

" She will breakfast in her own room—Aye, its likely that she should grieve a little at first; but she'll soon get over it, and Captain Elgar will make her a much better husband.—But you will remember and write the letter, Doctor?"

" My views of this subject," said the Doctor, " are somewhat different; more original, and more profound than yours, Mrs. Delby. I have considered the matter in all its bearings; generally in the relation which it bears to that association of our species, which we designate society; and then more particularly, as it may affect the happiness of Julia, Henry, and myself as individuals. I shall write to Henry after breakfast."

" That's right," said Mrs. Delby. " Now take your tea."

" And," continued the Doctor, " I shall develope to him, the singular ideas I entertain respec-

ing the information you conveyed to me last night. —To yourself, these ideas will be made known more fully at a future period, when you are prepared to understand them."

Mrs. Delby could make no reply, for she was just then busily employed at her breakfast. Indeed that part of the Doctor's speech which she understood best, was, that he would write to Henry immediately after breakfast, and she did not doubt but that this letter would be a dismissal. Satisfied with this expectation, she began to plan the attack which was to be made upon the heart and fortune of Captain Elgar. Occupied with her schemes, and her breakfast, very little conversation passed between the Doctor and his wife; and having made a comfortable meal, the philosopher retired to his study, and laying his "Thoughts on Madness" before him, he began his developement.

The Doctor had scarcely written to the bottom of his first page, when a rap was heard at his door, and Henry Welburn inquired neither for Doctor nor Mrs. Delby, but particularly if Miss Delby was at home. He was delighted to exercise, for the first time, his privilege of inquiring for herself alone, as if she already belonged more especially to himself.

"Miss Delby, Sir, is not come down stairs."

"Not come down yet! I hope she is not ill?"

"I believe she may have got a bit of cold, and I dare say the Doctor wished her to keep warm up stairs. My old mistress is in the parlour, Sir."

"My compliments to your old mistress," said Henry, turning upon his heel.—He stopped.—"Is the Doctor at home?" said he, before the maid had shut the door.

"Yes, Sir, by himself in his study. Pray walk in, Sir."

Henry obeyed, and was ushered into the Doctor's study. The philosopher rose and shook him by the hand, rather more awkwardly than usual. He wished his letter had been finished.

"I find you always engaged in study, Doctor."

"Nothing more delightful in this world," said the Doctor: "It is the *pabulum animi*—the ladder by which a man must climb to the perfection of his nature.—What do you think of insanity?"

"Indeed," replied Henry, looking with some astonishment, and half inclined to laugh at the abruptness of the question, "I have thought little about the matter."

"Do you think, young Mr. Welburn, it is a blessing or an evil?"

"One of the sorest evils which can afflict our nature."

"I grant that it often is so, but I maintain that it is man himself who makes it an evil."

"How can that be?"

"I will explain. Insanity is a suspension of that power which the will possesses over our thoughts. You understand this?"

"Perfectly."

" 'In madness,' says a great philosopher, 'the power of the will over the body remains undiminished, while its influence in regulating the train of thought is in a great measure suspended; either in consequence of a particular idea which engrosses the attention to the exclusion of every thing else, and which we find it impossible to banish by our efforts; or in consequence of our thoughts succeeding each other with such rapidity, that we are unable to stop the train.' This is easily understood."

" Certainly."

" Well then, in both of these kinds of madness, the conceptions or imaginations of the mind, becoming independent of our will, are mistaken for actual perception, and affect it in the same manner. You comprehend this?"

" Perfectly. And hence it is that madness is so great an evil; the wildest and most absurd conceptions are mistaken by us for realities."

" But whence comes it that these conceptions are absurd?—From our own folly in accustoming the imagination to riot in such absurdities, and indulging its wanderings, which are often worse than absurd. A young man like you, for instance, whose mind is accustomed to the contemplation of virtue, and whose imagination is often employed on spiritual things—"

" Indeed, Sir," said Henry, laughing, " my imagination has been lately very exclusively occupied with temporal things."

"Well, well, just now this is natural; but suppose you were to lose your reason?"

"God forbid!" said Henry shuddering.

"Well, but for the sake of illustration, supposing you such a man as Klopstock was, always thinking on spiritual things. Well; you lose the power of regulating your thoughts, or of altering their succession. In this case, the same habit of thinking will be continued; your reveries become even still more exclusively of a spiritual nature; and these paintings of fancy you take for realities. I say then that your imagination, in such a state, which we call insanity, may find a beginning of felicity in the spirituality of its wanderings. Why shall not its wings become more brightly silvered as they expand and rise towards the source of intellectual light? Are not our wildest reveries frequently the most delightful? and do we not border on insanity when we are most happy? Had Klopstock lost his reason when he was composing the Messiah, insanity would have certainly made him more happy. He would have imagined himself to be actually residing in heaven, with God and angels, and from such an imaginary exaltation, which to him would have appeared real, he would have enjoyed, even on earth, a fore-taste of immortal felicity."

"But, my good Sir, such a state of mind must pre-suppose habits of thought very uncommon amongst men, and a degree of piety and virtue not easily attainable."

"But still it is attainable; and to a character, such as I have been supposing, madness must be a blessing, because it renders him more happy. Allow this, and all the evil of hereditary or casual insanity, is chargeable, not on the Deity, but on the imperfection of our own characters. We suffer in madness for those bad habits of thought which we ought never to have formed, and which, in that state, constitute misery, by becoming independent of our will."

"Your theory, Sir, is original; but the felicity of madness is so uncertain, that I must always pray that I may preserve my reason."

The Doctor's heart was pained.—"How shall I tell him!" thought the good philosopher. "I can never do it—yet it must be done."—He thought for a moment, and then resumed.—"Now tell me candidly my good friend, how would you act in such a case as the following, which we will suppose just for the sake of argument;—If one of our ancestors, your grandfather, or any relation of yours, thinking himself ripe for the grave, had prematurely plucked his existence with his own hand, if hereditary insanity had been bequeathed to you, would you marry Julia.—Tell me truly, would you expect that on such grounds I should be justified in refusing my consent?"

"I certainly should expect it."

"And you would resign her, contentedly, quietly, and philosophically resign her?"

"Not so, Sir," said Henry, with quickness, "I should resign her neither contentedly nor philosophically."

"But yet you would resign her?"

Henry did not answer this question quite so readily—He looked at the fire. "I can scarcely answer for my own resolution. It would be a severe trial:—but if I felt it probable that insanity would be my lot, and might be that of my children, I *could* resign her, though I think my life would be very short afterwards."

"But if she loved you very dearly, and would marry you under these circumstances?"

"Yes, even then; for I should feel myself bound in honour not to take a selfish advantage of her generosity."

"What shall I do now?" thought the Doctor. He felt that if he was to be crowned with laurel for half the theories he had formed for the benefit of mankind, he could not tell Henry what might be his fate.—"His father may do it," thought the Doctor. "I will not pain his heart—they shall be married yet, if they like it.—When do you expect your father, Mr. Henry?"

"To-day, Sir."

"I must call upon him. I have a little business with him."

The Doctor smiled, and Henry smiled too. He imagined this business was to settle about his marriage.—"I wish he was here now, Sir, that you

might fix the day at once. I begin to be impatient."

"Young men generally are in these matters—but never fear, you shall be married—I am determined you shall be married! Come and see Julia in the evening—she will be alone. Mrs. Delby is going to a card party, and I won't interrupt you."

"I will come," said Henry, shaking the Doctor's hand as if he was already his son-in-law.—"If you see my father, pray, my dear Sir, settle your business speedily."

The Doctor saw the joy which was dancing in his eyes—he clapped him on the back—his heart felt pained again. "I will do what I can," said the philosopher, almost with a sigh. "They shall be married, if they like it," repeated the Doctor to himself.

He had fully determined this point, when he wished Henry good-morning, and had closed the door after him. He knew that Julia loved Henry, and the Doctor had set his heart on seeing her married to the man she loved. He would not own this to himself, because he piqued himself on being too constantly and profoundly absorbed in study to have much feeling for any thing but the general welfare of his species; yet the good old man would have wept had he thought this wedding would not take place. The very anticipation of such an event made his eyes feel moist: He therefore again repeated to himself his resolution that they *should* be married, and this saved his tears.—"I will go to

Welburn, and talk him over to my plans. We will take the young folks off in a snug way, and marry them in some neighbouring town, and when the knot is tied, Mrs. Delby must make the best of it."

Thus thought and resolved the Doctor. He left his papers scattered on his table, and taking his hat and stick, walked out towards Mr. Welburn's.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Come, come to this devoted heart;
'Tis breaking, but it still is thine.

MOORE.

HENRY had not expected his father till dinner time. On leaving Dr. Delby, he had taken a ramble on the beach, and was returning from a long walk, when, coming in sight of his father's house, he saw Dr. Delby quitting it. He quickened his pace in hopes to encounter the philosopher, and learn what he had been saying to his father, and what his father had said to him. The philosopher, however, turned down another street before Henry could meet him. They recognised each other, and the Doctor saluted Henry with a gracious smile. It was a smile that spoke much. Henry understood it to say, "You shall be married immediately." His heart leapt within him—he ran to his father's door. Wr. Welburn was standing at the window, and beheld his son. A look of melancholy gave place to a smile, as he welcomed his son. "Dr. Delby has told you all—he has told you how happy I am, and how much happier I hope soon to be?"

"Yes: We have been talking over your love story—but I want you to set off with me to-mor-

row morning. I am going to make a purchase, and I wish you to see it before the bargain is complet-ed. We will set off to-morrow morning, and talk about your marriage on the road."

"With all my heart."—Henry had some notion that this purchase was to be a marriage present.— "I will be ready in the morning—but I must see Julia this evening."

"Do so," said Mr. Welburn; "take your leave to-night, for I will order the chaise to be at the door before breakfast."

"That we may be back the sooner," said Henry, smiling. "I shall not like to be absent long."

Mr. Welburn smiled too; but he made no answer.

Henry did not go to Dr. Delby's till past the hour of tea drinking, when he thought Mrs. Delby would be certainly gone to her party. He then sallied forth, and knocked at the Doctor's door. In the present buoyant state of his spirits, his risibility was easily excited; and a passenger might have been astonished to hear him very audibly laughing to himself as he waited for the door being opened. The rap he had given excited his merriment. He recollected when, instead of the now quick consequential motion of the philosopher's knocker, he had been content to sound it modestly, as if uncertain whether he was a welcome guest or not. Now times were altered. The servant, by a low curtesy, already appeared to consider him as part of the family. "My old mistress is gone

out, Sir," said the girl, intending to look rather sly; "but Miss Julia is in the parlour."

"Your maid servant seems to know which of the family I come to see," said Henry, entering the room, and taking the hand of Julia, which was held out to him. "But you have not been well; I cannot flatter you on your good looks."

"I was not well this morning; but the head-ach which confined me to my room is gone."

"Had you consulted me, I would have prescribed a walk for that head-ach. I was compelled to wander by myself; and I now feel quite solitary when I am not with you."

Julia smiled; but her eyes glistened. Henry still retained her hand—she withdrew it. Henry thought her manner rather more embarrassed than usual, but he thought it was kinder than it had ever been. The intelligence her mother had been so delighted to bring home, produced on Julia an effect directly contrary to that on which Mrs. Delby had so surely calculated. Julia felt herself more closely than ever united to Henry; and Captain Elgar and his fortune were scarcely remembered but as objects of aversion. All the affection of her tendr generous mind was awakened to enthusiasm by the probability of misfortune happening to the man she loved. She had a very faint conception of insanity; but it was considered as an evil—as a calamity which might afflict Henry, who depended on her love for happiness. This was sufficient—Henry might be unfortunate

—and her fate seemed from that moment indissolubly united to his.—Yet every thing appeared uncertain.—Her mother strongly opposed their marrige—Mr. Welburn might do the same. Even Henry himself, when he knew the manner of his mother's death, might have some honourable scruples. She was convinced that he knew nothing of Mrs. Welburn's suicide, nor of the dreadful legacy she had left him in his veins. But, before they met again, he might be informed of every thing. Whatever might be the event—whatever crosses might prevent their union—Julia endeavoured to assure herself that Henry would not cease to love her; and that misfortune would only render them more tenderly attached to each other. But perhaps before she saw him on the morrow, he might have learnt the secret from his father; he might begin to doubt her affection towards him, and think that his Julia would love him less when she knew what might be his fate. Julia wished this night to assure him, that having won her affections, they were his for ever. Yet how to do this? The consciousness of what she felt, pure and generous as those feelings were, made her manner rather more constrained than usual. She half blushed at the glow of tenderness she felt lurking in her eyes when she raised them towards Henry's; afraid of expressing this tenderness too plainly, and yet desirous that he might feel how implicitly, under every circumstance, he might rely on her affection.

"I am going to leave Torley to-morrow," said Henry.

"Leave Torley!" said Julia. She turned pale as she looked at him, and a conscious blush immediately overspread her cheek.

Henry's heart was gratified. "Dear Julia," said he, smiling, "I am going away only for a week. My father is about to make a very delightful purchase in the county of ———, and I am going with him to survey the premises before the bargain is completed. I will whisper to you, that I have some notion it will be a marriage present."

It was with difficulty that Julia could continue her work with any sort of composure. She felt for the moment convinced, that this journey was a mere pretext to separate them. The transient blush had been again succeeded by a deadly paleness. She was on the point of bursting into tears, and revealing to Henry the secret which was likely to make them both so miserable; but her apprehensions might be unfounded. She endeavoured to become tranquil.—"Do you go in the morning?"

"Early in the morning, and I hope in the course of next week to return; and then, Julia—"

"Your father really wishes you to go?" said Julia, wishing to evade a question she saw coming.

"He does. But tell me, Julia, will you be mine with the fortune and expectations you know

I shall have; will five hundred a-year satisfy you at present?"

Julia gave him a quick look of reproachful tenderness.—"I did not consider your fortune when I gave you——"

She would have said her heart, but she stopped and blushed.

"Then when will you become wholly, entirely mine! Cannot you fix an early day?"

"When you return, we will talk about it. Such a question requires a little consideration."

"Ah! Julia, dear Julia! promise me by that smile, that when I return you will name the day, and that an early one. Give me your hand as a pledge?"

This was a way to assure him of her devotion.

"There, then," said Julia.—She blushed deeply as she timidly offered her hand.

"There is my pledge," said Henry, pressing it to his lips, "that I am yours for ever."

Julia had again occasion to exert her fortitude. She felt inclined to weep, she knew not why; but she endeavoured to talk on indifferent subjects, that she might appear composed.

The hour arrived rather too soon about which Henry knew Mrs. Delby returned from her parties, and not wishing to see her, he rose to depart. "I must go, Julia; the hours fly too swiftly away—yet the happiness of sitting by your side—of seeing—of hearing you, will be more complete

and permanent when you are my wife, and we are sitting by our own fire-side."

Henry took her hand.—"You will return in a week," said Julia, looking at him, with tears starting to her eye.

"In a week at the farthest; sooner, if possible."

Julia felt that he might never return; and that when away from Torley, his father might then disclose to him his misfortune, and forbid his marriage. He might then think himself bound in honour to resign her. This might be their last parting. She could not command her feelings, her eyes were dimmed with tears; and she pressed his hand, without being able to articulate "farewell!"

"My beloved Julia!" said Henry.

Julia started as a knock was heard at the door —"There is my mother, dearest Henry!—always love me—I am yours for ever—God bless you!"

Henry had pressed her to his bosom—her arms rested on his shoulder—he pressed his lips to hers—the only kiss that ever man imprinted there—the warmest and the purest that ever spoke the language of devoted passion.

All this was done in a moment—He tore himself away, passed hastily by Mrs. Delby in the passage, and was scarcely sensible to any thing, till the coolness of the night brought him somewhat to his recollection. The moon shone bright-

ly in the heavens, unobscured by a single cloud—he felt in a soliloquising humour ; but some of the inhabitants were walking in the streets, and he quickened his pace till he arrived at home. He found his father busy with his papers. He had no desire for conversation. He felt that the society, even of his father, would just then, be rather irksome. He retired to his apartment to prepare for his journey, and he was glad when he found himself alone, at full liberty to revel in his own thoughts, and to dwell minutely upon the events of the evening.

CHAPTER XXV.

> Lightly thou say'st that woman's love is false:
> The thought is falser far—
> For some of them are true, as martyr's legends,
> As full of suffering faith, of burning love,
> Of high devotion—worthier heaven than earth.
>
> BERTRAM.

EARLY the following morning, Mr. Welburn and his son left Torley. As the chaise moved slowly round the hill which overlooked the town, Henry singled out, as an object of the greatest interest, the house of Dr. Delby. It contained the being who loved him, who had consented to unite her existence to his. He recollected how different his feelings were on entering Torley a few weeks back. Then his fate was undecided; he was made miserable by his fears and agitation; at that time he dreaded a rival; now he felt secure; now he knew he was beloved, and he could anticipate with some certainty the pure joys of a married life. He saw at a distance Elmsey Lodge, surrounded by its fine plantations. There lived the man who had once appeared to him so formidable; now he could scarcely help pitying him. How enviable did his own lot appear, compared with that of Captain Elgar!

They soon lost sight of Torley. Mr. Welburn did not seem inclined for much conversation, and

Henry was very well satisfied to indulge in his own reveries. He began to imagine the unhappy lot of his less fortunate rival. He saw the poor Captain, as he supposed, violently attached to Julia, languishing in vain for one of those smiles, she now so willingly bestowed upon himself; restless, agitated, and unhappy, and at least rendered completely miserable, by the conviction that she loved another.

To this picture of the Captain's melancholy destiny, Henry could not refuse his sympathy. He shuddered to think that such might have been his own fate. But what was the delightful conviction that immediately succeeded! He remembered that Julia had promised to become his wife. The contrast was so exhilarating, and Henry was so occupied with his fancies, that he half sprung from his seat, burst into a fit of laughter, to the astonishment of his father, who was by no means disposed to mirth.

The object whom Henry felt so much inclined to pity, had been for some time very tired of the country, and he had determined to return to London, where life would be less monotonous. But when he heard the tale which Mrs. Delby very speedily brought to Elmsey Lodge, when he knew that Henry Welburn had left Torley, and was repeatedly assured by Mrs. Delby that her daughter "had given up all thoughts of the poor young man," he delayed his departure. He had been considerably mortified, and not a little surprised at the preference which Julia had given to Henry

Welburn. In London where so many women, equal to her in beauty and accomplishments, were flattered by his attentions, this preference would not have given him much uneasiness. But in the country, the superiority of Julia was at once so conspicuous, that he gradually came to feel as much real partialiality for her as it was possible he could feel for any woman, and at any rate he wished to marry her for the eclat of having such a wife. But during Henry's stay at Torley, he received no encouragement; and when he perceived that young Welburn was so decidedly the favoured lover, he determined to go and seek some better amusement in London. When he heard from his aunt the account which had been given her by Mrs. Delby, every thing appeared very easy. He was not at all sorry that Julia should be disappointed in a choice which he thought should first have fallen upon himself. "I will marry her myself," said he to Mrs. Elwyn, "by way of consoling her for the loss of her poor swain."

"It is a pity," replied his aunt, "that such benevolent intentions will not be seconded by her own wishes."

"Her own wishes! Very good. My dear aunt, girls are always very glad to get married. Welburn is out of the question, and I am much mistaken if Julia Delby will not be excessively grateful for such a lover as your humble servant."

"You imagine that Julia's affections are very easily transferable, or perhaps you think that she never loved Welburn."

"She might love him when there was a possibility that he would marry her; but she will be wise enough to love another, rather than hazard the chance of single blessedness."

"So soon too! Henry has only been gone twelve hours."

"In as many days he will be forgotten, and I shall supply his place. Julia is too sensible 'to waste her sweetness on the desert air.'"

"Do you love her?"

"Distractedly.—Nay, don't laugh, for I absolutely like her. She is handsome and accomplished; it will be a pleasure to show such a wife in the *beau monde*. I will take her to town, and we shall be amazingly happy."

"You will marry, that your wife may be a raree show. Some women might think this very flattering, but I can assure you that Julia will refuse you."

"Refuse! for what reason?"

"For a very natural one: her heart is another's, and whatever you may think of women, Charles, such a girl as Julia can love only once."

"You are not serious?"

"Perfectly. Love with Julia, I am sure, has not been a transient liking, but a sentiment which will occupy the whole of her existence; and remem-

ber '*c'est dans le cœur des femmes qu'habitent des longs souvenirs.*"

"Well said, my romantick aunt! but I judge of women by experience. I pretend not to fathom the hearts of a chosen few, who contrive to attract attention by feeling, or pretending to feel an uncommon depth or duration of sentimental love: I botanise on natural flowers, not on garden monsters. Now it is a fact, that very few women are united to the object of their first attachment. Either the love is not mutual, or the poor man wants fortune, or papa will not consent, or twenty other obstacles prevent the union they desire. Well, if every woman was to remain constant to her first love, half the sex would be very useless beings, compelling an equal number of men to remain bachelors. But women are in general much wiser. They love and forget, and love again, and can do so with as frequent alternations of heat and cold, as the necessity of the case requires. Julia will do the same, I am convinced of it."

"You will find yourself mistaken. Her affection for Henry is not a girlish liking, founded on a few day's acquaintance, and which can be cured by a week's absence. Such a liking is very different from a sentiment of real attachment. I know that many women can marry men whom they do not love; and when they are even conscious that they prefer another. But you must not judge of the true female character from the general routine of fashionable life. The purity of native gold is

not to be known by seeing tinsel glittering on the stage. It is in the great world, or in struggling for a place in that great world, that women as well as men form their artificial characters, and by endeavouring to become fashionable, they become intriguing, artful, selfish, and trifling. Their minds, if not ready moulded by bad education, are soon frittered down by example, to the necessary degree of inanity and levity. Among such beings you may find coquettes who can feign love for twenty different men, as it suits their purpose, but not one woman who can be the blessing of domestick life—not one Julia, who can really feel an attachment only once."

"When she is Mrs. Elgar, you will confess that I know more of the world, and of women, than my dear aunt."

"I will confess it. But I think you scarcely deserve her, Charles, and therefore I shall not much regret that she never will be yours."

Captain Elgar was not equally convinced of this. He felt tolerably certain that Julia would, with great gratitude, consent to become his wife.

In about ten days after Henry's departure, when he imagined Julia was ready for another lover, Captain Elgar called at Dr. Delby's. That great philosopher, on hearing the Captain's voice, hastily bolted his study door. Julia was in her own apartment; but Mrs. Delby was in the parlour, and she received the Captain with the greatest satisfaction.

"How is your charming daughter, madam?" said the Captain. "It is long since I have seen her on the beach. I am at the height of impatience to know that she is well."

"Thank you, my dear Sir," replied Mrs. Delby; "you are so good and considerate. She is pretty well, and I know she will be highly flattered by your kind inquiries."

"My dear Madam!——But I hope she has quite got over that unfortunate attachment. I really was sorry to hear——"

"Ah! Sir, you are very kind. Julia will soon forget him. It was a fortunate thing I heard in time. What a shocking thing had it gone farther! And he had no fortune, no expectations, poor young man!"

"And yet, Mrs. Delby, I fear another lover would have little chance, even if he had a large fortune."

"Sir?" said Mrs. Delby, eagerly wishing to understand his meaning.

"Do you think," continued the Captain, endeavouring to act the doubting lover, "if I aspired to the honour——of being your son-in-law, that Julia.——You understand me—Might I hope?"

"My dear Sir, you overjoy a fond mother, anxious for the welfare of an only daughter."—Here Mrs. Delby applied her handkerchief to her eyes.—"My daughter, Sir, would, I know, be proud and happy in such an offer."

"You think so?"

"I am sure so. The girl is not such a fool, but she will feel happy beyond expression at the chance of becoming Mrs. Elgar."

Mrs. Delby wished to lessen, by the vehemence of this assertion, some doubts of its truth, which very unpleasantly arose in her mind, just as she was uttering it.

"Might I," said the Captain, "see dear Julia?"

"By all means," said Mrs. Delby, rising. "I will send her down, and you can make it up together."

She left the room, and the Captain began to think that he had a very near prospect of becoming a married man.—He scarcely knew whether to rejoice.—A wife, he knew, would frequently be very troublesome, but she might amuse him sometimes; and when he took Julia up to town, as Mrs. Elgar, he would be envied by all his friends: Therefore, upon the whole, he thought the step not unadvisable; indeed, he had now gone too far to retract. He waited rather impatiently for the entrance of Julia, whom, he thought, was rather longer than necessary. In a short time the door opened, and Mrs. Delby entered. She forced a smile upon her countenance.

"Where is Julia?" inquired the Captain.

"Ah Sir! I believe you must excuse her today. She is a little fluttèred; very natural you know, my dear Captain Elgar."

"Then you mentioned——"

"Something about it," said Mrs. Delby, nodding, and intending to give a significant look of encouragement.

"Then let me write to her?" said the Captain "Give me pen, ink, and paper. I will do so this instant."

The Captain imagined that Julia's refusal to appear, arose from a very natural modest trepidation, at discovering that she might become Mrs. Elgar. He wished to give her confidence, and sitting down with great assurance, he wrote the following.

"DEAREST JULIA,

"I love—I adore—I dote upon you.—Consent to make me happy. Every advantage which fortune can procure, shall be yours. It is not necessary to love me as you did Welburn—I do not expect it. A first affection is always strong, yet depend upon it we shall be very happy. I write this in haste, but I shall always remain

"Your devoted

"CHARLES ELGAR."

"There, Madam," said the Captain to Mrs. Delby, "give that to your daughter. Tell her I shall wait impatiently for an answer."

"I shall do so, with every wish for your success," said Mrs. Delby.

"She may do as she pleases," thought the Captain, as he walked back to Elmsey. "I am not

desperately in love. I like the girl,—and if she consents, I must marry her, though I have no very keen relish for a married life."

He was not long in suspense. In a few hours he received Julia's answer.

"I do not imagine I shall give you any pain by declining your offer, which I do without hesitation. I assure you my first affection is, and will for ever remain, unchanged.

"J. D."

The Captain whistled.—He immediately began to make preparations for his journey; and the next day he set out for London.

CHAPTER XXX.

Though fate, my love, may bid us part,
  Our souls it cannot, shall not sever;
The heart will seek its kindred heart,
  And cling to it as close as ever.

But must we, must we part indeed;
  Is all our dream of rapture over;
And does not Julia's bosom bleed,
  To leave so dear, so fond a lover?

MOORE.

THE day after captain Elgar's departure, Mrs. Elwyn called on Julia. She went up to her apartment. Julia blushed deeply when she saw her enter: she scarcely knew how to welcome her—and fearfully expected that she came to plead the cause of her nephew. "Come with me," said Mrs. Elwyn; "we will take a drive to mend those looks of yours; and then you will not refuse to go and stay with me at Elmsey."

"At Elmsey!" said Julia, drawing back.

"Is there any thing horrible in the sound?" said Mrs. Elwyn, smiling. "You have sent away my nephew in despair;—he is gone to London."

Julia's countenance lightened. "Not in great despair, I believe.—But could I have acted otherwise?"

"If you had," replied Mrs. Elwyn, tenderly embracing her, "I should not have loved you half so

well as I do now. He affected to disbelieve the constancy of women; you have given him a good lesson, and there is a kiss to thank you for so well supporting the honour of our sex. My dear Julia, dry those tears: let us go and make ourselves comfortable at Elmsey."

Julia very gladly accepted this invitation. She was not sorry to escape from the reproaches and importunities of her mother in favour of Captain Elgar. At Elmsey Lodge she received every kind and delicate attention from the warm friendship of Mrs. Elwyn. Yet Julia was not happy. She felt herself every day becoming more restless and miserable. Henry had been gone three weeks, and her anxiety to hear from him, kept her in continual suspense and agitation. She formed a thousand conjectures about him. She had some idea that he might return unexpectedly, and she frequently walked on the road leading to Torley, almost expecting to meet him. She would fancy she saw him at a distance—her heart would beat violently—the blood forsake her cheeks—and her whole frame tremble, even when she saw her disappointment. Her eyes were frequently directed to the gates at the bottom of the lawn. The distant approach of a man on horseback would raise her expectation. She would even start at the opening of a door, and then blush at her own anxiety. At length a letter was brought to her one night, immediately after she had retired to her own room. Mrs. Elwyn knocked at her door, and gave her

the letter, with a smile. Julia knew it was from Henry. Her eyes sparkled when they glanced upon the writing, but her hands trembled as she opened it; and she found it necessary to seat herself in a chair, that she might read it more steadily.

From Henry Welburn.

"DEAREST JULIA,

"My father has told me every thing. I now know my fate, I know that I have nothing to hope.—This world is to me a blank, and you are lost to me for ever. Yet, Julia, my reason is preserved to me.—Though I live in society as one of its outcasts, though I am forbidden to know its tenderest relations, and see my fondest hopes of happiness blasted for ever; yet my mind is not lost. I thank God for this. I can write to you now, my beloved Julia, with some degree of calmness. This letter is an act of duty. It should have been written sooner; but it was a duty so painful, that I have delayed it till this time. I remember, dear Julia, the last evening we passed together—I remember our parting. No circumstance of that evening will ever be effaced from my memory, so long as memory shall remain to me. Then, when you knew all my misfortunes, you blessed me, and said, 'I am yours for ever.' Beloved, generous girl! I was without consideration in the world—without fortune—and without a name; and when you might have obtained all this, you preferred

me! It was told you I carried madness in my veins; I was pointed out to you as an object to be pitied and rejected. Even then you did not shun me, you would not then forsake me; I held you to my breast, and was assured that your heart was wholly mine! You will be rewarded for this goodness, Julia. I cannot attempt to thank you; for no words could explain to you my feelings. But I write, to resign you—to absolve you from every promise of affection which you might consider an obstacle to a future attachment. Dear Julia, you are free—I am nothing to you now—I am nothing to any one—I am marked by heaven with a misfortune which must warn every one to shun me. My mother! Did I think when I beheld her corpse——But reflection is only torment. Time can do nothing for me. But you, Julia, may yet love another; you may become a happy wife. Your friends must wish that you should forget me, and that you do not waste the years of your youth in loving one whom you should only pity. Think on this—you whom I have loved—Oh God!—whom I at this moment love so ardently—so tenderly! Think on my misfortune, on my mother's death.—Would you marry me now, Julia? Can you ever love me? Remember what I may become!—I can even now imagine that my reason totters! Leave me—forget me.—I can bear any thing—pity—laughter—any thing—only forget me, and leave me to my fate!

* * * * * * * *

"It is your duty to marry; I am convinced of it. To love me now would be romantick. Would you renounce your station in society for such a thing as I am?—A wife—a mother—Julia! these are the ties which must bind you to the world. You will then live respected and beloved; and at the end of life you will be surrounded and regretted by those to whom you were the chief of blessings. Then let no thoughts of me prevent the wishes of your friends. If Captain Elgar deserves your love, if you think that he does, then, Julia, remember how my mother died, and let this recollection obliterate all tenderness for me. Marry, and I will daily pray for your happiness; I will implore it from God as the only blessing which can give to me now one ray of comfort! When you are united to another, then, Julia, we are separated. Time, eternity, will be then to me without hope; for even in Heaven your heart will not be mine. My father, surely, may now be satisfied: He said it was my duty to leave you free; that it was an act of generosity to absolve you from every promise. I have done so—what can I do more?—My task is performed now, Julia, my once own Julia!—Tears!—Am I still so very weak?

* * * * * * * *

"This letter will appear to you strangely incoherent—but I resume my pen to bring it to a conclusion:—Write to me, Julia; tell me that you are well; and tell me, for the last time, that you still

love me. Tell me, that although you see the necessity of renouncing me, yet that you do it with some regret. Tell me this with tenderness, and your letter will be to me a sad consolation.—My own—yes, for this once, my own tenderly beloved Julia, farewell!—Think how ardently I wish your happiness, when I can pray that it may never be disturbed by a remembrance of me?"

CHAPTER XXXI.

I gave myself spontaneously to thee;
Nor have I ever with repentant thoughts
Look'd back on this resolve.
My lip knows not to speak that which my heart
Doth not first dictate; yet that lip assures thee,
Swears to thee, that I never will belong
To any one but thee.

ALFIERI.

IT was long before Julia's tears would permit her to come to the conclusion of this letter; but when she had read it, she felt happier than she had done at any time since Henry's departure. Henry still loved her—This was her first and most delightful conviction. He styled her "his own tenderly beloved Julia;" and she dwelt on these words with the purest satisfaction. Her sight was dimmed with tears, but she pressed the letter to her lips, and her cheeks were crimsoned by the ardour of her feelings. She was delighted to think that she could now renew her assurances of affection, that she could cling closer to Henry, because he was unfortunate. Her tenderness and constancy would afford him consolation. How gladly would she have flown that moment to his side, to have assured him how constantly he might depend on her affection.

She determined to lose no time in doing this by letter, and immediately began to write an answer. It

was long before this answer was completed. Her eyes continually wandered from the paper, on which she was writing, to dwell on Henry's letter, which lay before her. A word, apparently unconnected, fixed her gaze—it was necessary to read the whole sentence to understand this word completely. Then, in a line below, appeared her own name, joined with a tender appellation, which made her eyes fill with tears; and beginning the letter again, almost unconsciously, she would read it for the twentieth time. She found it a very difficult matter to please herself with her own answer. She found how very feebly any form of words can interpret the tenderness and the devotion of a woman's love. She felt as if in one look, or smile, she could express more to Henry than could ever be told by letter; and then in an instant her fancy flew to his side. There she endeavoured to trace in his looks how much he had suffered at the idea of losing her—she saw the animation of his eyes at the sight of the Julia who loved him—and she saw him turn with an expressive look of grateful fondness to one who had devoted herself to him for ever. From this rapid glimpse of happiness she eagerly resumed the task of finishing her letter, as if in haste to transfuse all her fond affection upon paper, before the vivid warmth of her feelings, excited by the vision, had suffered the least diminution. But as her pen traced an epithet of tenderness, she, at first half blushed, and trembled, as if it was too tender. She read the sentence again, and dwelt

upon the word, as if to analyse it both by her eye and judgment, and to be thoroughly convinced of its propriety. Then the fondest recollections of Henry would arise in her mind, as if he was at that moment longing to know how much his Julia loved him; and again reading what she had written, she feared that she had not expressed her love to him with sufficient kindness. She was surprised, and half ashamed to see, through her shutters, the first dawn of day, as she finished her letter. She read Henry's letter once again, kissed it with fervour, and breathed, with tearful eyes, a fervent prayer to the Deity for the happiness of Henry.

From Julia.

"I know you wish my happiness, dearest Henry, but it is not by throwing me from you in the time of misfortune, that you can promote it. Why should I repeat to you assurances of affection? What an opinion you must have formed of me, to suppose that I could love you for a few short months, and then be ready to love another, because you are unhappy! I should indeed think you unkind, if this was your real opinion, but you must know me better. You are dearer to me than ever! And, believe me, that I feel, if possible, more closely united to you, since I have read your letter. If circumstances forbid us to be united, still we may love each other; the sincerity, the constancy, of our attachment, will form the pleasure of our lives,

and, in a more happy world, our union will be perfected before God. We shall spend eternity together.—Do not be unhappy—always love me, dear Henry. No misfortune could happen to me so great as the loss of your affection. Why are you so cruel as to talk to me of Captain Elgar? How low should I sink in my own opinion, if I felt myself capable of ever wishing, for a moment, to be united to any one but you. My heart is not transferable—it is entirely yours, dearest Henry, and will be yours for ever!

"But why should the fear of a calamity which may never happen, make you thus unjust to yourself and others, an 'outcast from society,' nothing to any one! Dear Henry, am I then nothing?—Is it nothing that my fate is indissolubly linked with yours?—that my happiness depends entirely upon you?—Is your father nothing?—do you owe him no duty?—you, a minister of God, and owe nothing to your fellow creatures!—Ah, Henry! think what your father must suffer, when he sees you forgetful of every thing which should bind you to society. And if I am yet dear to you, think what I suffer, when I see you almost suspecting the sincerity of my affection, and refusing to let the tenderest assurances of my love afford you any consolation! Take back then the freedom you were so anxious to give me. I have a pride, a pure happiness in being no longer free, in knowing myself entirely yours. Do you think there is no union but by the marriage ceremony? Did you not feel at

our last parting that we were then united? And yet you tell me to marry!—to give myself to another!—For what?—for fortune?—Ah! I tell you that you do not know me. You profess to love me, and yet write as if you thought me capable of an act of mercenary baseness. Be just enough to suppose that my constancy to you, dearest Henry, is very natural, and that in assuring you of my affection, I am only expressing to you a sentiment which it would be very unnatural not to feel. I will not return your farewell, because I hope that you will continue to write to me. Dearest Henry, if you knew how constantly and anxiously I think of you, how happy I feel when I suppose that you still love me, you would never suppose that I could ever be any other than

"Your own affectionate and devoted

"JULIA."

CHAPTER XXXII.

You see what a philosopher I am!

WHEEL OF FORTUNE.

SINCE the departure of Henry, Dr. Delby found that his studies had suffered considerable interruption. Notwithstanding his general tranquillity and self-possession, he felt that he had not lately been able to give that exclusive and persevering attention to the sciences which he had hitherto done. He loved his daughter very tenderly; he felt great regard for Henry Welburn, and he was not willing to suppose that any rational cause or impediment existed which should prevent their union. His "Thoughts on Madness" were again considered, and he was more and more satisfied with his own theory; and besides, he wished to amuse the evening of his life with the education of a little grandson. He was grieved to see the altered countenance of Julia. Her vivacity was gone. She appeared pale and thoughtful. The sweetness of her temper never varied, but even when she smiled, it was with an expression of sadness, which very much disturbed the tranquillity of her father.

After much and mature consideration, he determined that it was highly expedient to bring about the marriage. He knew the parties themselves

were willing. Mrs. Delby he considered as nobody, and as to any conscientious scruples Mr. Welburn might have upon the subject, he trusted that his own representations would entirely overcome them. He learned from his daughter the residence of Mr Welburn, and he resolved to proceed thither without loss of time, and prevail upon them to return to Torley.

When the Doctor had come to this determination, he began to arrange matters for his journey. He resolved to inform no one of his plan, and his arrangements were made in profound silence, and with that promptitude and energy which peculiarly distinguished him.

On the morning of his departure, he rose early, leaving Mrs. Delby in a very audible, and profound slumber. On the table of his study, he left a note, informing her of his departure; and he sent a servant with a letter to Julia, acquainting her with the object of his journey, and assuring her she might make preparations for her marriage; which should take place as soon as possible after his return.

The Doctor's mind was too intent on his own plans, and he was too anxious to arrive at the end of his journey, where he might put these plans into execution, to take much notice of the country through which he passed.

On the second day, he entered the village of Landwelli, which is situated in a dilightful little valley, two miles from the nearest publick road.

This village consists of ten or twelve houses, besides a few small cottages. At the eastern extremity of the village, built on a gentle slope, may be seen a neat house, in the cottage style, with Gothick door and windows, stuccoed, and covered with blue slate; before it, is a small garden, and behind it is a shrubbery, laid out as pleasure ground. It is known by the name of THE WHITE COTTAGE. This was the residence of Mr. Welburn. A fine eglantine on one side the door, and a luxuriant jessamine on the other, have been trained up the house, by trellice work, which they have long since completely hidden; they meet, and entwined above the bed-room windows; and some long branches of jessamine bend into the room when the casement is open.

Mr. Welburn was working in his garden, when a chaise stopped at his gate, and to his no small surprise, Dr. Delby alighted.

"You are surprised to see me so far from home, I believe!" said the philosopher, returning Mr. Welburn's welcome.

"I certainly did not expect the honour of this visit."

"Let us enter you dwelling, and I will unfold to you in detail, the object of my journey. You have been gardening—a delightful primitive employment.—Where is your son?"

"Rambling, according to custom. I see very little of him, except at meal-times."

"Marriage will cure him of rambling," replied the Doctor.

When they were seated in Mr. Welburn's parlour, Dr. Delby began to state to him his anxious desire that their children should be united.—"I have considered the matter very fully," said the philosopher; "all parties are willing that this alliance should be formed between our families. As to the obstacle which may be conceived to stand in our way—it were to be wished indeed, that such a one did not exist; but it should not be made of too great importance; my theory reduces it to nothing. To break off the match on this account, I conceive, would be very needlessly to make these two young people miserable."

"No one," replied Mr. Welburn, "can be more anxious for this marriage than myself; no man would be prouder of his daughter-in-law than I should be of Julia. I shall use no authority to prevent it. Henry has my hearty consent, if he wishes to marry. He knows my sentiments on the subject; and he knows that when he marries, half my fortune is immediately at his disposal."

"Then it is settled, and Henry has nothing to do but to go back to Torley, and become a married man as soon as possible."

Be it so, if he wishes it," said Mr. Welburn.

About the hour of dinner, Henry made his appearance. When he saw a chaise at his father's gate, he would gladly have retreated; but looking up to the window, he beheld Dr. Delby, who had

observed and nodded to him. He saw it was too late to fly, and pale, and almost trembling, he forced himself to enter the house. When he found himself in the room with the father of Julia, a sense of the past—a painful feeling of his fate and misfortune, almost sank him to the ground; his face was crimsoned with blushes, his hand trembled in that of the Doctor's, and his eyes were cast upon the ground. He made an effort to inquire after Julia, prefacing her name with that of Mrs. Delby.

"Julia is well," said the Doctor; "but she did not know of my journey here; so I escaped the honour of being her letter carrier. I can tell you that she thinks of no one else but yourself. However, we will talk more about her after dinner."

The dinner seemed to be enjoyed only by Dr. Delby; who, not choosing to doubt the success of those benevolent plans which entirely occupied his mind, became very animated, and engrossed a great share of the conversation to himself. Henry scarcely dared to lift his eyes, and was heartily glad when dinner was at an end. Mr. Welburn did not remain long at table, but left the Doctor and his son together. "Well, my good friend," said the philosopher; "your father and I have determined on the expediency of uniting our children, if those children are willing to unite themselves."

"What do you mean, Sir!" said Henry, looking earnestly at the Doctor; "Julia willing!"

"Do you love my daughter?"

"Love her! Good God! do I not think of her continually; she knows, and you well know, how tenderly I love her."

"I can assure you that the affection is mutual."

Henry's eyes became full of animation—"I am proud to know that it is—yes—she still loves me—she will not forsake me—her letter has assured me that her heart is mine.—She has made me happy."

"I am impatient to see you united to each other. Return with me to Torley, and become my son-in-law."

"Return to Torley!—become your son-in-law!—the husband of Julia! Are you serious?"

"I never was more so. You are engaged to her."

"Would she consent to become mine?" said Henry, eagerly.

"I am sure she would. In fact, has she not already consented?"

"But my father——"

"You have his hearty consent to marry if you please, and he has promised to divide his fortune with you on your wedding day."

Henry sank into a chair, and was for some moments silent.—"This is a cruel trial," said he, rising in great agitation; "but if I hesitate, I am lost—I will hesitate no more. Marry, if I please! And I am yet forbidden by duty to taste the happiness by which I am tempted on every side! No,

Sir, it can never be; I entreat you to mention this subject to me no more, if you would not see me lose my reason in your presence—I beseech you talk to me no more of marriage—spare me any further trials.—I cannot return with you. But I will write to Julia—she has given me this privilege—I will explain myself to her."

Henry left the room; and the Doctor remained melancholy, and more depressed than he had been for many years. He saw nothing more of Henry till the following day, as he was preparing to return to Torley. Henry appeared and gave him a letter to Julia.

"Well, Sir," said the Doctor, "since you will not accompany me yourself, I must take your letter. Give me your hand: God bless you!"

Henry could say nothing. He shook the Doctor's hand in silence, and retired slowly to his own apartment.

"I never," said the Doctor, as he got into his chaise, "felt so strongly the vanity of human wishes as I do at this moment. I have dreamt, I have speculated; but my name, which I had hoped would be perpetuated, will, for aught I know, perish with me!"

The Doctor's eyes became moist as he took the hand of Mr. Welburn.—"But I cannot yet despair of this marriage; it may take place when time shall have softened the feelings of your son."

Mr. Welburn shook his head, and the philosopher departed.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

'Tis immortality, 'tis that alone,
Amid life's pains, abasements, emptiness,
The soul can comfort, elevate, and fill;
That only, and that amply, this performs;
Lifts us above life's pains, her joys above;
Their terrour those, and these their lustre lose,
Eternity depending covers all.

YOUNG.

From Henry.

"It is now, my beloved Julia, now when I have triumphed over every selfish wish which would have led me back to Torley, in hopes of being united to you—it is now that I feel myself more than ever entirely yours. Your father has tempted me with a prospect of happiness so bright, Julia, that my resolution almost failed—I had nearly yielded; and I was on the point of flying to you, and imploring you to let us live and die together. But the trial is over—I have triumphed—and I come to seek my best reward in the constancy of your affection.

"I would fain wean myself entirely from this world, where I have nothing to hope, and associate your idea with the anticipation of a futurity, where alone I can hope to dwell with you for ever. But it is very difficult, dearest Julia, to be perfect-

ly resigned to lose you entirely in this world. Sometimes, indeed, I think that my heart is entirely given to God, and that my will is wholly resigned to His. But when I have knelt before Him, and raised my mind to Him in prayer above every thing human, the recollection of you—the remembrance of your smile—of your kindness and geneous constancy to me, is sufficient to overcome all my firmness, and bathe me in tears. I repeat to myself that you will always love me; but it seems as if the certainty of your affection sometimes made me more agitated and unhappy. To imagine that you are constantly thinking of me, and yet to know that I must not fly to your side, dear Julia! To think that you would have been my wife, and that I could have so fondly studied your happiness—yet to know that all these plans of domesctick love are destroyed for ever! All this, Julia, makes me feel almost a rebel against the will of Heaven! I make myself miserable by regrets which I well know to be vain, and yet how can I avoid indulging them?

"A few weeks since, and I thought only of one event: my wishes, thoughts, and feelings, had all reference to one end. I anticipated my union with you, as a period from whence my future life would derive all its character of happiness and utility. Marriage would, I thought, give me an honourable station in society; and I felt with how much alacrity and steadiness I should perform my duties, when rewarded by the smiles of a wife

who loved me. Now every thing is changed—every hope of receiving from you the most endearing of all titles—of being tenderly embraced by you as the husband who made you happy! These visions of felicity are at an end—I remember them as dreams, which in days that are past, made me imagine conjugal happiness as something permanent, and secured to me. I appear to have then stood on a giddy height, overlooking the less happy destiny of my fellow creatures. On this height, in an imaginary climate, always pure and tranquil, with you by my side, my own beloved, I forgot the possibility of misfortune. The storm might gather below us, but we seemed above its reach;—yes, Julia, and we are above it now. For do you not resign every thing for me;—and have you not 'indissolubly linked your fate with mine!'—A brilliant destiny—Rank—fortune—admiration—an envied wife—a happy mother—You renounce the chance of every thing, to love one who is unfortunate, and who can offer you nothing in return but an affection as ardent, as tender, and as constant as your own. Then, Julia, I am happy. That pure embrace with which we parted, gave us to each other, and our union is from henceforth independent of time or of fortune. I repeat to myself that marriage would perhaps make us less happy than we are at present; it would be a rapid delightful delirium, from which I might soon awake to the cruel reality of ———. You would have cause to esteem me less, as having taken an advantage of your generosity, and I should continually

reproach myself for yielding to a selfish passion, which, in its own gratification, had made you its victim. None of these reflections can torment us now. Our love is perfect, for it is founded on mutual esteem; and the sincerity and constancy of our attachment shall form the happiness of our lives. When those lives shall have terminated, Julia—when the existence in which our attachment has begun shall be ended; then surely every bar to happiness will be removed. We will appear before the Deity, as two of his creatures who tenderly love each other, and who come to spend eternity before him. If he approves, and will bless our union, what then, my Julia, can separate you from me!—what then shall hinder our felicity! But remember, dear Julia, that in this life, the constant assurances of your affection form my greatest consolation. Write then to me as frequently as you can. It is only your tenderness and affection which cam make me set any value on life. Without your letters, I am sure that I should not exist long.

"Your own

"HENRY."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

There is a little church-yard on the side
Of a low hill - - - - - - - - -
Most beautiful it is; a vernal glade
Inclosed with wooded rocks! where a few graves
Lie scattered, sleeping in eternal calm.

WILSON.

To those who were acquainted with Mr. Welburn—to those who knew and loved his son, and every one loved who knew him, the WHITE COTTAGE still possesses a peculiar interest. The eglantine which was so carefully trained up the sides of the cottage, has been indeed neglected, and part of it cut away, as obstructing the light. The jessamine has run into wild luxuriance, and its long shoots hang down with an appearance of desolation. Yet the room in which Henry slept, still retains all its furniture, as when he occupied it. The table still remains on which he wrote his letters to Julia. How often, in the stillness of evening, has he there fervently prayed to God that he might, in another world, be united to her whom he had so truly loved in this! His only delight was in corresponding with her. Julia's letters, full of tenderness, made him continually regret the happiness he had refused, and which his misfortune forbade him to enjoy. Wherever he rambled, he constantly carried her letters with him, and

when he found a sequestered spot where he could lie on the ground undisturbed, or from whence he could see or hear the Atlantick Ocean, he would sit down and read them. His eyes would dwell on every expression of tenderness; he would gaze upon the words, and whilst he continued to look at them, his imagination would fly to Julia. He would delight to fancy how she felt—how she looked when she wrote so tenderly. He would picture to himself her attitude; her hair so beautiful, so simply braided, half shading by its curls the eyes which had looked upon him with so much kindness, and welcomed his presence with such animation—the hand whose affectionate pressure had told him he was beloved—the arm which had rested upon his shoulder—the form which for a moment had been pressed to his bosom, as if then entirely his own—All these recollections would be painfully contrasted by his present situation. He knew indeed that Julia was devoted to him—every letter he received assured him of this. But Henry longed for her society: he sighed for that home and wife, which his fancy had so often pictured. These he felt that he must never possess, and he secretly mourned over his solitary fate.

Mr. Welburn imagined that the solitude of the WHITE COTTAGE only nourished a fruitless melancholy; and he proposed to his son to travel, or advised him to enter upon the duties of a clergyman. Henry felt that this was what he ought to do; but he dreaded lest the finger of scorn might be lifted

against him, and lest he might be marked by the multitude as one, who, passing through the world, was forbidden by Heaven to taste of its blessings. The sensible mind of Henry was tortured between a sense of duty, and an unwillingness to venture amongst his fellow-creatures. Julia, to whom he told all his thoughts, reasoned with him on these ungrounded fears. Her affectionate entreaties at length prevailed, and he determined, if the endeavours of his father to procure him a small living should be successful, that he would, if possible, become a useful minister. In the mean time, however, his health rapidly declined. He seemed to take a sad pleasure in braving the elements, and exposing himself to storms, as if the winds and rain could allay the inward fever which was daily consuming him. He has been met on the shore, in the most inclement weather, walking towards that range of very high rocks, which lie about four miles from the White Cottage. These rocks form a sort of promontory, jutting a considerable way into the sea, and are called the Misty Rocks, from the foam constantly thrown against them by the waves. By ascending the top of the highest rock called the Mother Cliff, on which is a scanty path of vegetation, the island of St. Margaret's, which lies to the west of Torley, may be seen in the distance, and vessels coming from thence, may be descried, when they at first appear, like specks in the horizon. Here Henry delighted to seat himself, and watch the waves, as they broke with a tremendous

roar at the bottom of the cliffs. He would remain there for hours, gazing on a distant sail, or contrasting his own destiny with that of the sea-fowl, flying from the ocean to their nests on the rocks below him, and each sitting with its mate in a wild, secure, happy independence.

Henry soon felt the consequences of his long rambles in inclement weather. He was sensible that his health declined; but as he daily grew more feeble, he was the more anxious to conceal his illness from his father.

Mr. Welburn, generally regardless of his own health, did not for some time suspect that his son was really ill. He was deceived by the appearance of cheerfulness and activity which Henry assumed, lest his father should forbid his walks. But he was soon unable to climb the hill opposite the Cottage. His walks were then confined to the village, and weak, and emaciated, his cheek tinged with the glow of fever, he leant for support on the arm of Mr. Welburn. Yet he never complained, even to his father; if he suffered, it was in silence. No one would have thought him unhappy: perhaps he was not so. During the progress of his complaint, to the moment when he ceased to breath, he expressed himself grateful for every attention which was paid to him. He spoke little, but with unvariable kindness, to all who approached him. It seemed as if his heart, though disappointed in all its wishes for domestick happiness, was still warm with the kind affections.

His last hour rapidly approached. He was sensible of his danger, and anxiously prepared to write to Julia for the last time. He had a melancholy pleasure in fancying how tenderly he would bid her farewell; and he cherished a delightful hope, that when she heard of his danger, she would come with her father to the White Cottage. His countenance brightened at this expectation. "Perhaps," thought Henry, "I shall see her once again: she will bless me, and I shall die happy."

He prepared to begin his letter, but his strength was too much exhausted. After several fruitless attempts, he found the effort was too much for him. When he perceived that he was unable to write, he could not restrain his tears; and laying down the pen in despair, he wept bitterly, to find, that the only tie which seemed to bind him to Julia in this world, was for ever broken.—"It will indeed soon be over now," said Henry. "O God! I yet can hope in thee—Thou will be my comfort." He raised his clasped emaciated hands to Heaven, and prayed fervently that he might not be forsaken in his hour of utmost need, but obtain from the Almighty pardon and resignation.

A short time before his death, he made a sign to Mr. Welburn, who raised and supported him. Henry looked at his father, as if he desired to speak.—Mr. Welburn bent forward.—"Tell dear Julia ——" said Henry in a whisper scarcely audible.

He stopped.—"Be assured," said Mr. Welburn, encouraging him to proceed, "that I will faithfully deliver your message."

Henry shook his head, with a mournful expression, as if he could say no more. He closed his eyes, and gently sank on his father's breast.——In a few moments Mr. Welburn perceived that his spirit had passed away.

A stranger, on entering the village of Landwelli, sees its little church, where Henry was buried, built on the side of a gently rising hill. It is very ancient; its tower, on two sides, is entirely covered with the most luxuriant ivy, which has very freely made its way into the belfry. It covers part of the western side of the church, and almost entirely conceals one Gothick window, composed partly of painted glass. The inside of the Church shews its great antiquity, On one side of the altar is one of those ancient monuments, generally found in old churches. A female figure, as large as life, her drapery deranged by the hand of Time, is in an attitude of prayer. Above, are the arms of the family, whose burying vault is underneath. The brilliant colours in which these were once splendidly emblazoned, have lost their lustre; the devices and motto are scarcely to be distinguished, and it is with some difficulty that any name can be decyphered.

To those who delight in contrasts, and in those contrasts which tell of the passing destiny of the human race, the inside of this church will possess a very peculiar interest. If entered by moonlight, the solemn feeling which is excited is very powerful. The ivy which so much darkens the middle

Gothick window, has left one part of it uncovered, except by a few straggling branches. When the moon shines on this part of the window, its light falls on a plain marble slab, placed against the wall, on the left side of the altar, and opposite to the ancient monument. An urn placed at the top of this stone is its only ornament. The inscription has the same simplicity—it bears the name of

HENRY WELBURN.

The waves break against the Misty Rocks with the same violence as when Henry, with a heart agitated by passion, listened to their sound; but against the church, where he now lies, the storm never rages. Sheltered by hills on every side, the gales which swell the sea with so much violence on the neighbouring coast, are scarcely heard in this tranquil valley. The moon, as she wanes, still shines through the painted window on the tomb of Henry. The few branches of ivy which obstruct her light, are shadowed on the marble inscribed with his name. These shadows wave on the white surface of the stone, when the ivy is gently agitated by the night breeze Every thing bears so much the air of tranquillity and peace, that one would almost wish, when life is at an end, to be burried in such a spot, and here to find a resting place, where nature herself loves to repose.

FINIS.

